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For the Register.

THE PRE-EXISTENCE OF CHRIST.

By the pre-existence of Christ we mean his spiritual being before his advent upon earth—that he had been spiritually in existence before he was born in the manger at Bethlehem. It is not unreasonable to suppose that such may be the case with creatures that are both spiritual and material—that the spiritual part may be created or caused to exist at one time, and the material at another. We know not whether our own souls, or spirits, first existed at our birth, or before, or after. God, our Almighty Creator, could have caused our souls to exist before our bodies, as well as he can continue their existence, (as we believe he will) after our bodies shall have ceased to exist. So, as Christ was a complex being, spiritual and material, God might have created or begotten his spiritual being at one time, and then, not till some time afterwards—yea, even thousands or millions of years afterwards, according to his own time and pleasure, in his own way and manner, have created his material being for a tabernacle for the immaterial, and by a union of both, have completed the intelligent, perfect, wonderful Being.

My design therefore is to consider what evidence there is, or can be produced to support the doctrine of the pre-existence of Christ; though I do not consider that a belief or disbelief thereof is essential to salvation, or that it ought to unchristianise any one. If men believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, the only mediator between God and men, the all-sufficient, appointed Savior, and receive him into their hearts with faith and love, it is enough, it is all the word of God requires. No matter, it is of no consequence to them, at what time he first existed. Still, however, the subject is worthy of serious and critical consideration, and may be made useful and profitable for contemplation, and have a tendency to enlighten the mind with knowledge, and warm the heart with love and gratitude.

It is acknowledged that Christ is the appointed only mediator between God and men, the all-sufficient Savior of the whole world! and this was the greatest, infinitely greatest appointment that ever was (to our knowledge) made by the supreme Governor of the Universe! And is it probable that the allwise God would give *such* an appointment to a man of earth, if he had (as we presume he had) millions of superhuman, celestial, glorious, spiritual beings, who constantly surrounded his throne in Heaven! and who were the ministers to do his will! Would He have passed by them all, and come down to earth, and create or select a man (who certainly is at best "a little lower than the angels,") to fulfil his great and grand design of the Redemption and salvation of all his intelligent creatures on earth! Would He not have selected for this agency, the eldest, the highest, the most glorious of his universal, holy family! And can it be doubted, that his only begotten, beloved Son was that person! And that he was, in due time, appointed by his Father to be the glorious Savior of the world—the whole world of men, from the beginning to the end thereof!

But we will consider something more than probable—we will consider some of the testimony of Christ himself, who spoke the words of the only true God. Christ said, "I came down from heaven, not to do mine own will, but the will of him that sent me." Certainly then he must have been in heaven, before he could from thence come down to the world. Again, just before his crucifixion, Christ said to his disciples, "I came forth from the Father, and am come into the world; and again, I leave the world and go to the Father." If then we believe that Christ is now gone to God, his Father in heaven, (as I trust we all do) we must believe that he is gone to the place where he was, and to the God and Father with whom he was before his advent into the world.

Again, Christ said to his disciples, "what, and if ye see the Son of man ascend up where he was before!" It is most evident that Christ here had reference to what was to take place after his resurrection from the tomb, to wit, his reascension to heaven, from whence he came down to the world. Both Christ and his apostles frequently spoke of his coming down from heaven, from God, from the Father, and from above. And the general tenor of the language of the New Testament seems to denote, that he had been in a more exalted, higher, richer, more glorious state of being than he was while here upon earth—that he had been in the form of God, "the brightness of his glory and the express image of his person." But when he entered upon his God-appointed mission he "humbled himself," (or was humbled) "made himself of no reputation"—became, as it were, "a man of sorrow and acquainted with grief"—"took upon him the form of a servant, was made in the likeness of men," and "became obedient even unto death."

But we find some declarations of Christ, which seem to be clear and positive, as to his pre-existence. In John's Gospel, 8, 58, Christ said to the Jews, "before Abraham was, I am," (meaning I was) for there can be no doubt but that Jusus meant to inform the Jews that he was in being before Abraham; for though the verb *am*, as well as the Greek verb from which it is translated, is in the present tense, yet it was undoubtedly, in the original writing of John, in the past tense, as Christ must have spoken it; for it must have a past tense meaning to make any sense at all, and to agree with the context. And it is evident that the Jews so understood Christ; for the declaration was made to answer the question of the Jews, "Thou art not yet fifty years old, and hast thou seen Abraham!" To which Christ answered, (as I believe) "Before Abraham was I *was*." But from an error of some of the thousands of copies, and copies of copies, it happens now to read I am, instead of I was, as it should be. Besides, in the second verse before this, Jesus declared in substance the same fact, saying, that "Abraham saw his day," &c. therefore he must have been with him, if not before him, which would be conclusive proof of his pre-existence. Moreover, it is a fact, that the Greek word, which is here translated *am*, is frequently used *for*, and means *was*, and is so translated, as in John 9, 24, "Whereas I *was* blind, now I see, or being blind, now I see." Here the same verb in the Greek is in the present tense, so that if it was strictly translated it would read "whereas I *am* blind, now I see," or being blind now I see, which would be a palpable contradiction; therefore the translators properly rendered it as they have done, to make it consistent with itself. See also John 1, 48, where Jesus said to Nathaniel, "when thou *wast* under the fig tree I saw thee." Here also in the same Greek verb, the present tense is used for the past, (wast) which is also rightly translated. And, if the translators had used the same discretion and fairness in translating the verse under consideration, they would have rendered it, "Before Abraham was, I *was*," and then they would have removed the nonsense that now appears in the text, made it agree with the context, and express the true meaning of the speaker; whereas, as it now reads, it conveys no intelligible meaning—no sense at all. And it is a good rule of Biblical exegesis, that a text should never be so rendered as to make nonsense, or be unintelligible. But it is said, there is an ellipsis here—that the word *he* should be added, so as to make it read "before Abraham was I am *he*." Now which would be most justifiable, to add a new, useless word, or to connect one evidently misused! But the addition of the word *he* will not help the matter at all—make it more sensible, or any more in accordance with the context, or any more an answer to the question of the Jews, "hast thou seen Abraham!" It would make it worse—it would make it express an untruth, an impossibility—for to say before Abraham was I am *he*, would be to declare that before Abraham was I am Abraham. I must therefore believe that the meaning of Christ's declaration to the Jews was, "verily, verily," no more nor less than that he was, or existed before Abraham. And if such was the real meaning of the declaration of Christ, it settles the question of his pre-existence. B. P.

[To be continued.]

PREACHING THE GOSPEL.

[From Dr. Frothingham's very beautiful sermon at the ordination of his son at the North Church, Salem.]

"Thus, the word to be rightly divided must be divided according to what it is. But further, it must be distributed according to the several necessities of those to whom it is dispensed. Our circumstances and dispositions, so unlike, require its manifold ministries. And though these differences in our situations were less than our experience finds them to be, we could not be profited by one unchanging mode of appeal. The Gospel preaches, indeed, to all souls impartially its steadfast doctrine, that knows no respect of persons; but yet it is infinitely diversified in its forms of operation. It has its love, and its terrors too; for it humbles and rebukes and chastises. It comforts and saves; it prepares of its goodness for the poor; it stoops to the wretched; it embraces the repentant; and it sits in the judgment of a great day, and comes in the clouds of heaven. It teaches simple people what is level to their comprehension and close in with their sympathies, by the country hedge, and in the rude street, and upon the inconstant sea; and in the same breath it wearies the researches of the profoundest thought, and overmatches the pride of learning, and reveals to the master minds of the earth what is better than all they knew. Like its apostle to the Gentiles it becomes all things to all, as they most require. Without altering in the least its blessed nature, it adapts itself to minds of every order and every degree of cultivation. It has sustenance that agrees with the weak, and is yet sufficient for the strong. There is no deficiency in it for the refined and curious, and it is plain enough to those who are easily content. It has still something in reserve that will seem appropriate and timely for us, in the changes of fortune, in the change of views, in the heart's changes. It begins with us in the lessons of infancy, as when its Author took the little ones in his arms and blessed them. It goes on with us through the perils of youth and the cares of mature years. It pays its offices of compassion to fainting nature; smoothing the low bed from which the spirit is to mount, and hallowing the grave where the frame turns to dust. It will become its servants, therefore, to deal with it in a manner that shall correspond to its free and various power. They will remember the different capacities that it is to be suited to, and the different moral wants that it is to supply. They will try to learn how to speak from it the word that shall be in season; how to wield its rebukes, and instil its precepts, and pour out its consolations. They will not think that they can be declaring all its message, when they are talking in one strain, and only repeating again and again some favorite portions of it. They will not confine themselves to a few topics that their own taste selects, or that circumstances may make popular, and dwell on those as if the fulness of religion could lie in their narrow compass. They will labor, that, from time to time, and as opportunity offers, each heater in his turn may carry something away from its holy book, that shall meet him just at the point of his peculiar trial, and appear to have been spoken for his sake.

The expression that St. Paul uses in the text towards his young son in the Gospel brings to mind another very similar to it, that was employed by the Savior himself, when in directing his disciples how to teach, he said: "Every scribe instructed unto the Kingdom of heaven, is like unto a householder, who bringeth forth out of his treasure things new and old." Under that figure, borrowed from ordinary life, the master represented to them his words as a banquet. They were the entertainers, and the world was to sit as their guests. His object was to signify that variety of bounty of which I have just sought to give some faint idea, that is stored up among the provisions of this grace of God; and to impress upon them the duty of spreading the advantages of it all. "Things new end old" both. Neither is to be neglected. Neither can be spared. We want the first for its vigor, and the last for its reverence. The new and the old. What was unknown before, and what has been known always. What results from the inquiries of our own days, and what was the wisdom of the ages that are gone. What is revealed now, through that Spirit which never suspends its action upon the soul, and what was written aforetime for our learning by anointed men. The new; for Truth is by its nature progressive. The old; for the Faith was "once delivered,"—once. We admit that nothing essential can be added to the divine legacy already transmitted. We contend for that. Certainly, no novelties of human invention are to be mingled with the testimony of the Son of God. The religious teaching of our time is not expected to communicate something better than has yet been heard of, but rather to make us meditate with profit on what has been understood already. We build on the foundations of the past, however diligently we labor and however high we rise. If it be wood, hay, stubble, that we put there, the fire will sweep it down; but if it be gold, silver, precious stones, "that work shall abide which we have built thereupon."

What discoveries can remain to be made in the rules of a good life, or in the attributes and will of the everlasting Father, or in what is to come afterwards when life is spent? It is not here as with natural science. The physical power of man grows greater and greater, but his spiritual vision does not spread with the same increase. The creation enlarges its vast limits for him, and reveals more and more of its amazing laws; but the counsels of the All-Wise in the destinies of intelligent creatures remain to him just as much in light and in shadow as before. He can penetrate the starry spaces to incredible depths, but the future not at all. From the small globe where he follows out his round of growth and decay, where he fills up his measure of merriment and tears, where he delves and dies, he can gaze, with eyes almost miraculously sharpened by instruments of his own skill, upon another planet, that will take more than a hundred and fifty of his short years to give it a single wheel round the sun. Nay, more wonderful, if more wonderful can be, by the calculations of his analysis, by the prophecies of his intellect he can demonstrate its existence before it is seen, and tell where its orb must be searched for upon that almost illimitable verge. But he cannot learn to see his dearest friends an instant after they are gone; nor point out in all the realms of being where the soul is, when God has called for it. He cannot aid his spiritual vision with any inventions of his art. He cannot solve by any reasoning of his proudest philosophy the irregular motions and disturbing forces of this sphere of our mortality, nor measure the great balance of the Almighty Purposes. O the cloudy problems, the hidden issues, of our whole portion here! Never to be calculated, and nowhere beheld from afar! Faith must come into the empty place. It must stand as the evidence of what is not seen. It must take the room of knowledge. It must fill that heaven of heavens, which no ball of fleshly sight has mirrored, and the tube of no astronomer has pierced, with the shining forms of its hope.

Now, this faith, and the whole Gospel that contains its annunciation and pledge, and the full array of interesting facts that are connected with it, are to be set forth, as the spirit of each speaker prompts, as his ability allows, as occasions suggest. As his subjects offer themselves one by one, he will illustrate them with what ingenuity he possesses, and he will press their practical conclusions with a warmth of soul, provided it is in him, that does not admit of being ingenious. He must try to present familiar words in unexpected lights, and to spread a continued interest over trite reflections. He is not to piece out with his fancies what he supposes to be deficient in the written word that he speaks from, but to make that hoary record perpetually young with restored and accumulated power. Since he has no truth to invent, he must make the most of that which he finds; showing the different sides of its turning sphere, and bringing them to bear upon all the affecting experiences of our mutable life."

[From Dr. Putnam's Charge at the ordination of Mr. Frothingham.

"If, after the very strong interest that attends the very first days of a new ministry has subsided, as it probably will in a measure, the immediate, large and unaccustomed draft made upon your resources at first shall seem after the first few weeks or months, in any degree to exhaust you, and you shall seem to read it in the looks of your people or catch it from a stray whisper, that they have a fear that you are not quite the man they took you for,—a doubt whether you will sustain yourself at the point which they at first marked for you,—do not be disheartened. It is the common, perhaps universal experience. It will indeed be a critical period in your life. You can go on declining then, if you will allow it. But keep up your courage, your energy and industry, and that season of depression will soon pass, and you shall go up again to as high a point as you deserve to reach, and maintain it permanently then, if you will.

On the other hand, if early or late in your ministry, you find special favor with your congregation and the community, do not be elated, nor slacken your efforts as if your success were assured, and your ministry were crowned. There is no reposing upon one's laurels in this work. When men say that you do things well, understand it as an intimation that very good and very difficult things will be required of you thereafter. The commendation you may receive should inspire humility, as increasing your responsibility and imposing new pledges for you to redeem. Every man may well wish to be respected and beloved in his sphere, but if popularity should befal you, you will not have deserved it, and it will harm you, unless it bring with it a sober, humble sense of a burden imposed, a labor required, which you know not how you may be able to bear,—an expectation manifested, which you are not sure you will be enabled to justify. The greater your visible success, beyond the point of merely satisfying your people, the more should you feel the need and the fitness, of a serious, laborious, self-distrusting mind, and a humble reliance on the God who has favored you.

Again, I counsel you to see to your private deportment and manner of speech. You would be easy and familiar in address, but beware of foolish gossip, and levity. Do not say sharp things; do not say frivolous things. You would have dignity of manner. Let it not be a dignity that is put on, that will be nothing but a professional stiffness, an outside case. But be it a dignity that proceeds from within, from the tone of your mind. Be it the expression of yourself.

In these days you will have presented to you many schemes and measures for reforming society and hastening the incoming of God's Kingdom. Do not repel and scout them all, as vain and mischievous, with a bigotry and conservatism unsuitable to your youth. There will generally be at least some element of truth and wisdom in them, which you will do well to find out, and avail yourself of. On the other hand do not rush into such schemes, with hot impetuosity. Keep mostly to established ways of action while you are young. The old ways are not to be despised, and they will abundantly task your powers for the present. A young man cannot effect much as a reformer. Hereafter, in maturer life, when time has given you some weight of character, you can try such new modes of action as commend themselves to your judgment, with more hope of success in them. There are some things which you might do to advantage ten or twenty years hence, which you cannot do at all now. Be willing to wait. And in the mean time, go on quietly accumulating power, acquiring weight, earning slowly the right to be heard and to be followed in what you may propose. The ardor and zeal of youth have their charm and appropriate power, but for substantial results, they are less effective than the wisdom and the weight that come with the progress of many well spent years. You will do much good, we trust, in your first years,—but believe me: the best thing you can do in those years, will be the gradual accumulation of mental and moral power, weight of character, whereby to do greater and better things, in later years.

This last consideration leads me to caution you not to regard the tie this day solemnized as a transient tie, as very easy or likely to be dissolved. There are many causes, on the side of the people, and on the side of the minister, that would justify a separation. But do not anticipate or lie in wait for such causes. Rather seek to have a home feeling here. Deem it a very happy thing if it shall appear that God's providence has put you into your right place at first, and will permit you to take root permanently here where you are first planted, so that your affections may suffer no dislocation, and your progress in beneficent power no interruption. Deem it a happy thing if you pass your declining years in the place that has been made genial and warm to you, by the kindly sympathies, which your young zeal has kindled and your maturer service has heightened.

Your own religious and moral culture is the chief thing, the first and the last, for you to attend to. See to it that you imbue your own heart with the truths you inculcate, and that you be and become and continue, all that you would assist others to be. Let not spiritual realities fade away from your own perception, but take them into your very soul, and let them mould you, govern you, and be your life. Look you always into the very face of your Master with love and faith, and determined obedience. Embody his spirit and precepts in yourself. Watch your thoughts, your steps, your affections, that you wander not from him. Do not forget your own soul's want in ministering to the want of others. Forget it not for a day. Insist with yourself upon a large and ever growing and living experience of those things with which you would inspire others. And let devotion, prayer, be the most real and vital thing in your own secret heart. O, be yourself a Christian man, a true child of God, in very earnest, in thought and feeling, in purpose, hope, and daily endeavor, and there is no more that you need. Have the spirit of God verily in your own soul, and then you are ordained to your office indeed. Then you will love your work, and find contentment and great joy in it. Then your deportment will be right, your words right, your ways right. Then you will have the eloquence that wins, and the power that moves, a mysterious influence that you cannot understand, and a success that you cannot account for, but which God loves to give to those that serve him so, an earnest of the brighter crown that is laid up for them in heaven."

What boots it that a man's creed is the wisest, that his system of principles is the superfinest, if when set to work the life of him does nothing but jar and fret itself into *holes?* [Carlyle.

Reader! I set some learning before you in the last chapter, and "however some may cry out that all endeavors at learning in a book like this, especially where it steps beyond their little, (or let me not wrong them) no brain at all, is superfluous, I am contented," with great Ben, "that these fastidious stomachs should leave my full tables, and enjoy at home their clean empty trenchers."

In pursuance of the same theme I shall set before you here some divine philosophy in the words of Dr. Scott, the author of the Christian Life. "The goods and evils that befall us here," says that wise and excellent preacher, who being dead yet speaketh, and will continue to speak while there be any virtue and while there be any praise,—"the goods and evils, which befall us here, are not so truly to be estimated by themselves as by their effects and consequents. For the Divine Providence which runs through all things, hath disposed and connected them into such a series and order, that there is no single event or accident (but what is purely miraculous) but depends upon the whole system, and hath innumerable causes antecedent to it, and innumerable consequents attending it; and what the consequents will be, whether good or bad, singly and apart by itself, yet in conjunction with all those consequents that will most certainly attend it, the best event, for aught we know, may prove most mischievous, and the worst most beneficial to us. So that for us boldly to pronounce concerning the good or evil of events, before we see the train of consequents that follow them, is very rash and inconsiderate. As for instance, you see a good man oppressed with sorrows and afflictions, and a bad man crowned with pleasures and prosperities; and considering these things apart by themselves, you conclude that the one fares very ill, and the other very well: but did you at the same time see the consequents of the one's adversity and the other's prosperity, it's probable you would conclude the quite contrary, viz. that the good man's adversity was a blessing, and the bad man's prosperity a curse. For I dare boldly affirm that good men generally reap more substantial benefit from their afflictions, than bad men do from their prosperities. The one smarts indeed at present, but what follows? perhaps his mind is cured by it of some disease that is ten times worse to him than his outward affliction; of avarice and impatience, of envy or discontent, of pride or vanity of spirit; his riches are lessened but his virtues are improved by it; his body is impaired, but his mind is grown sound and hale by it, and what he hath lost in health, or wealth, or pleasure, or honor, he hath gained with vast advantage in wisdom and goodness, in tranquility of mind and self enjoyment, and methinks no man who believes he hath a soul should grudge to suffer any tolerable affliction for bettering of his mind, his will, and his conscience.

"On the other hand the bad man triumphs and rejoices at present; but what follows? His prosperity either shrivels him into miserableness, or melts him into luxury; the former of which impoverishes, and the latter diseases him: for if the former be the effect of his prosperity, it increases his needs, because before he needed only what he had not, but now he needs both what he hath not, and what he hath, his covetous desires treating him as the falconer doth his hawk, luring him off from what he hath seized to fly at new game, and never permitting him to prey upon his own quarry: and if the latter be the effect of his prosperity, that is if it melts him into luxury it thereby wastes his health to be sure, and commonly his estate too, and so whereas it found him poor and well, it leaves him poor and diseased, and only took him up from the plough, and sets him down at the hospital. In general while he is possessed of it, it only bloats and swells him, makes him proud and insolent, griping and oppressive; pampers and enrages his lust, stretches out his desires into insatiable bulimy, sticks his mind full of cares, and his conscience of guiles, and by all those woeful effects it inflames his reckoning with God, and treasures up warth for him against the day of wrath; so that comparing the consequences of the good man's prosperity, it is evident that the former fares well even in his worst condition, and the latter ill in his best. 'It is well for me,' saith David, 'that I was afflicted, for before I was afflicted I went astray, but now I have kept thy commandments.' But on the contrary, when the wicked spring as the grass, saith the same author, and when all the workers of iniquity do flourish, then it is that they shall be destroyed for ever! If then in the consequents of things, good men are blessed in their afflictions and bad men plagued in their prosperities, as it is apparent they generally are, these unequal distributions are so far from being an argument against Providence, that they are a glorious instance of it. For wherein could the divine Providence better express its justice and wisdom together, than by benefitting the good, and punishing the bad by such cross and unprobable methods?" [Doctor.

CHRISTIAN ENERGY.

If we should plead with a Magdalene out of whom have been cast seven devils, or a Peter that hath thrice denied his Lord, or a Paul who hath made havoc of the church—there is material for a substantive and vivid character, there is energy for a life above the world. Conformed to the likeness of their Lord, the examples of all living men are no more to them than the gaudy shifting clouds of an evening; moving along the path of the cross all the soft and silken customs of life are as threads of idle gossamer. There is about them a moral weight, and an onward force, and a clear, definite outline of character before which every thing gives way. They hurry all before them, as if by the spell of absolute dominion. They have about them a dignity borrowed from the grandeur of the end for which they live. Poverty and plainness, solitude and a self-denying life, in them no man dare despise; nay, all men feel that these harder features are more in keeping with the loftiness of their moral choice than the nice properties or the effeminate exactness of the world. And yet, is it not the most true that such characters as these we deem rather to be gazed after than followed; as objects rather to admire than to imitate? Do we not deal with each other, aye, and with our own consciences, as if the devotion of the apostles were as miraculous as the casting out of devils? Do we not look along the lives of holy men, who, through the darkest ages of the church, shine with unearthly splendor, and speak of them as we do of strange fires which move on no discoverable law, wild and eccentric lights, of most commanding grandeur, but perilous to follow! And what do we thereby confess, but that the divine laws, which ordered that spiritual world, are but feebly felt and faintly understood by us; that the powers of some lower system have absorbed us in their circuits; and that we are hurried along by some inferior forces which bear us visibly away from their luminous paths and destinies, we know not whither nor why! [Archdeacon Manning.

THE COMING OF CHRIST.

[From a Sermon (just published) by William H. Furness.]

Jesus of Nazareth declared that this great good was at hand, that it was coming. But to his illuminated vision, it was a far higher good than the Jewish imagination had yet dreamed of. It might be represented under the image of a celestial kingdom, but the most magnificent outward empire was only a faint image of its greatness. It might be described as the coming of an extraordinary messenger, an illustrious prophet; but no visible person, though glowing with the halo of a preternatural glory, could adequately symbolize its import and its power. In one word, it was in his mind, the Truth,—the truth concerning God and Man—the knowledge of the Invisible and the Everlasting—of the highest topics of human thought, and the dearest interests of the soul—of the Eternal will—of the sacred and unchangeable law; in obedience to which is power and great glory and an ineffable peace, and by obeying which, earth becomes heaven, and man becomes like God. This, as I believe, was the great good which Jesus announced, when he said, "The kingdom of heaven is at hand." This is what he pointed at, not any personal appearance, when he spake of the coming of the Son of man. And spake he any thing, but clear, undeniable truth, when he warned his countrymen to watch, to keep eyes and ears open, wide open; for the good which they were so intensely expecting, which they fondly thought to recognize in the visible appearance of "a Son of man," a heaven-sent Prophet, would come at an hour when they little thought? Behold! it had *come* already. It was in the very midst of them while he was speaking. It was beaming upon them with a heavenly light out of the very face of the man of Nazareth. It was sounding in their ears in his voice. It was standing before them in his person, face to face. Had they only had eyes to see, and ears to hear! Then would they have discerned in the words of Jesus truth, truth greater and more enduring far than the might of empires. The magnificent vision of a kingdom of God, wherein reigns righteousness, would have opened upon their view! They would have recognized in the lowly person of the man of Nazareth, the true Son of man, invested with a glory outshining the regalia of kings. They would have heard a music in his voice, the music of mercy and of love, more ravishing than the melody of myriads of seraphic harps. They would have seen all their poor imaginations of a Messiah's kingdom infinitely outdone by the unutterable splendors of truth. But alas! they were blinded by their senses, by those coarse passions, which thrust their own wretched pictures between them and the truth. Well may we take up the lament of Jesus himself: O Jerusalem! Jerusalem! hadst thou only known, in that thy day, the things which belonged to thy peace, but alas, they were hidden from thine eyes! The truth came to thee, speaking in an angel's voice, manifested in the spotless and beneficent life of Jesus. The Son of man passed through thy streets, sate at thy tables, healed thy sick, and would fain have gathered thy children as a bird gathereth her young under her wings, and thus protected them from impending calamity. But thou knewest not the gift of God! Thou wouldst not receive the truth. And, accordingly, like the good man of the house, who knew not at what hour the thief would come, thou didst awake at last to find thyself despoiled and a beggar! There is no bloodier page in history than that which records the downfall of the Jewish nation, the destruction of Jerusalem, when mothers served up their children for food, and the ruins of the city were buried under the heaps of the slain.

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I have set forth the meaning of our text in its application to those to whom it was originally addressed. But there is a most important truth for every one of us in this passage. And if we will open our hearts to it, it shall be to us "the coming of the Son of man." It will introduce us now into the kingdom of God. It will shed light upon us like the bright approach of a prophet from heaven. "Be ye therefore ready also, for the Son of man cometh at an hour when ye think not." At this very moment while I speak and while you sit here, if we will only think of it—if we will only say with entire sincerity, "Speak, Lord, for thy servants hear," we shall hear God speaking to us as distinctly as he spoke to the Jews of old through the lips of Jesus.—Yes, to hearing ears, the voice of God, the voice of Eternal truth, is now speaking. It rings through the chambers of the open soul. It comes down to us from the broad and silent heavens which declare the transcendent majesty of the Omnipotent, which tells us of a Power higher than we, and bid us worship and adore. It comes forth out of the bosom of the earth on which we dwell, and by whose bounty we are fed, and by whose beauty we are delighted, and calls us to be humble and thankful. It teaches and encourages and warns us from all the varied aspects of life. We may hear its admonitions in the gladness and in the sorrows of human hearts, in the virtues and in the crimes of men, in the honor and in the shame, in the triumphs and in the defeat, in the weal and in the woe, in the lives and in the deaths of our fellows. In and through all things truth is pleading with us, revealing to us the sacred law of God, by which alone we live. Watch, therefore. See that no mists of selfish prejudice dim your sight, no false, deluding song of sensual pleasure fill your ears. At moments when ye think not, the truth of God is speaking, discoursing of those things which belong to your eternal peace. Disregard the truth, heed it not when it comes to your soul, and you doom yourself to still deeper darkness and insensibility; and you will perceive the truth only when it is too late, only when nothing remains to you but tears and remorse. But open your hearts; be on the watch, be ready always for the coming of truth, and it will come and dwell with you and in you, and reveal to you a new beauty, and lead you farther and farther into the kingdom of heaven, and make you one with God, in perpetual communion with the spirit of life and light and love.

The Jews, by reason of blindness, were unable to recognize the Son of man, the prophet for whose coming they longed, the beauty and power of God's truth, in the lowly Nazarene. And we wonder at them, and pity them for being so blind. But, my friends, we may well keep our pity and our wonder for ourselves. *The eternal truth of God is speaking to this nation at this very hour as distinctly as it spoke to the Jews through the voice of Jesus.* A little while ago, when the plan of enlarging the territory of this country was publicly proposed by the established authorities of the land, then, the sacred cause of common humanity, the eternal principles of Justice came to us. They presented themselves before us. They summoned us to receive, to reverence them, to bear witness to them, to obey them, to carry them faithfully out, and to see to it that they suffered no harm. As Jesus talked with his countrymen, so did the truth commune with us, the truth concerning our duty and the plainest dictates of right. But, alas! it did not come to us in the shape of a prophet, or angel radiant with a visible glory. It did not speak in a supernatural voice from the sky. It did not plead with us through the rich and powerful, from the lips of gifted Senators and popular Presidents. It only spoke in the dumb wrongs and agonies, in the darkness and degradation of a great multitude of despised human creatures, through whose black skins, our eyes, bandaged with the thick clouds of contempt and prejudice, could not penetrate to behold the sacred features of our common humanity, the awful image of God underneath. To an ear made sharp by the truth, the appeal for justice and mercy could not possibly have come in a way more touching and powerful than this. To a tender heart, what voice of man or of angel speaks so eloquently for humanity, as the poverty, the helplessness, the brute ignorance, the hopelessness of the slave, who cannot call his own soul his own! I tell you, brethren, that never from the beginning of the world has the simple truth of God, the sacred principles of right, been urged home upon the souls of men, as they were upon the men of this country and this generation. Yes, I say, divine, everlasting truth, clad in the majesty of Heaven, came before us in the most powerful shape, and we were admonished and warned to take heed how we rejected it. But we turned away with indifference and contempt, as the Jews turned away from Jesus. They could not discern the authority of truth coming from the lips of a despised Nazarene. And we, like them, were blinded to the sacred rights of man in the despised children of Africa; and so we stood by, and allowed wrong to be re-enacted, legalized anew. We consented that an immense extent of territory should be given up to the iniquities and horrors of slavery.

But the truth of God, come in what shape it may, is never despised or rejected with impunity. The Jews recognized not the Son of man when he came, and he came and went, and the Jewish nation rushed on to ruin and woe. Has not the same irreversible law of God been exemplified in our case too? We despised the truth. We refused to stand forth in its behalf. We let wrong triumph. And where are we now? Why, this nation, the boasted child of liberty and peace, is plunging deeper and deeper into the barbarism of war. And what can be worse than this? What more awful judgment of God can come upon us? Famine is not worse, nor pestilence. Famine and pestilence assail the body, but war corrupts the will, devastates the hearts of men, strips them of the attributes of humanity, and turns them into demons, exulting in violence, and living upon blood. What is there that we ought not to have been prepared to sacrifice, in order to escape the calamity which now rests upon this nation, the curse of these victories, which provoke the appetite of conquest? We acquiesced in the unrighteousness of Annexation for peace' sake, and we have now got, not peace, but war. We have placed ourselves in a situation in which we are, not suffering, but, what is far worse, doing, evil. We are put to a base and inglorious work. This is our punishment. We are doing all that in us lies to turn back the tide of civilization, and to make our Christianity a mockery. We are blighting the dearest hopes, shaking the best faith of the world. And the oppressed and starving millions of foreign lands, who fondly thought that a star of promise had appeared here in the west, find themselves bitterly deceived, and are despoiled of that argument for popular liberty which this country once presented. The stain of innocent blood is on our hands, and with the madness of men given over to a strong delusion, to believe a lie, we are pouring out our treasures like water to facilitate and extend the work of death, to crush a sister nation to the dust!

REV. MR. MOORE.

BY REV. B. FROST.

What claim Mr. Moore has to be recorded among this noble army of the martyrs, we shall see in the progress of this discourse. He was born in this town May 4th, 1811. From childhood he was distinguished for his sobriety, conscientiousness and independence. While other boys were in the street and about public places, he was at home, with his books and family. He was obedient to his parents, and easily governed. He always revered the aged, and was respectful to his superiors in years. In the schools he was distinguished for subordination, diligence and the thoroughness and system with which he fulfilled all his duties. Although not rapid in his development, yet he had a deep, innate love of improvement, that early led him to form a firm purpose of getting a liberal education. And when told by his father that it was not his purpose to send him to college, he calmly replied that he should comply with his wishes until he was of age; but if he did not go to college before, he certainly should after that. When he was seventeen years of age he taught a large district school in a neighboring town, with good success. Before commencing this school, he began a private journal. In this journal there is a sobriety united with cheerfulness, a manly judgment tempered with charity, a high moral tone truly remarkable for that early age. The topic oftenest commented on is the sermons which he heard, never with any small criticism on unessential matters, but with a high appreciation of the great lessons they endeavored to enforce. I will make one extract. "Attended church and heard a sermon by Dr.——, in the good old style of bye-gone days. It is pleasant, yes, improving to listen to the impressive tones of a pure old man, proclaiming the eternal truths of the Gospel. What we hear from most young preachers, we feel at liberty to criticize, and often to dissent from; but when we hear the venerable old preacher giving us the result of his own experience and studies, there is a certain sanctity which forbids anything like inattention or harsh criticism. We feel that we are treading on holy ground, and that our opinions may more likely be wrong than those of the preacher." Would that this sentiment were more prevalent among the young! The most prominent feature throughout this journal, is a high and stern purpose of duty. On entering college he makes this entry:—"Aug. 26, 1830. Thursday begins a new era in my life. I have now commenced my college course with all the cheering hopes of friends, with good health and spirits, with everything to make me happy; with the world before me, and with a determination to overcome every obstacle in the path of duty. May I improve every day of my life, so that at the close of each, I may say this has been a well-spent day. May I keep a clear conscience, a tongue void of offence, and a heart pure in the sight of my Creator." This resolution, it is believed, was consecrated by prayer; for it kept him pure through those temptations by which so many young men have been ruined. He graduated in high standing in his class, and a member of Phi Beta Kappa, in 1834. He taught a young ladies' school in Plymouth one year, and then entered the Law School at Cambridge and spent another year. But the tendency of his mind and character in their steady developement from childhood, had been towards the ministry. His call to that sacred office was not in any voice without or within, but in the purpose of God when he framed his constitution. The next year he entered the Divinity School at Cambridge, and graduated in the summer of 1839. His first success as a candidate, although not brilliant, yet everywhere commanded the marked attention and respect of the parishes before whom he preached. Soon the eyes of several important parishes began to be turned to him as a candidate. But a year before, he had travelled through the West, and the spiritual wants of that great and growing country make a deep impression on his mind. He saw how vast the field, how small the earthly reward, how reluctant the young ministers were to leave New England and go to such a field of labor and privation, and he felt a strong sense of obligation to go into this field. And now came a severe struggle between duty and inclination. It had always been a cherished wish with him to settle down over a parish in New England. In a letter in 1844, he says:—"My path has not always been one of my own choice. My ideal, my air castle, while in the Divinity School at Cambridge, was a parsonage in some pleasant country village in New England, with a good library, a religious people, and a comfortable salary. But instead of settling down and guiding a people already religious inclined, in pleasant pastures, and beside the still waters. I have been led by an unseen hand to this great Western valley, here to gather together people from all parts of our land, and to contend with indifference, bigotry, and religious intolerance; to live in a hotel; and to live on hope. But here I am, and I by no means regret that I *am* here. I am glad that I have such a pleasant place to dwell in, and I am here willing to labor, my life-long, that other men may enter into my labors." When we consider that all the difficulites were certain, the success doubtful, the most cherished plans of youth must be sacrificed, we may judge of the struggle that a young man must have with himself, and the strength of conscience and faith that could triumph over so many strong inclinations and worldly interests. But in this struggle, conscience prevailed, as it always did with him. He decided to go, not where he chose, but where he was needed. He was invited to go to Quincy, Illinois, and on the 4th of November, 1840, he was ordained as an evangelist in the old church where he had always worshipped; and in this service his venerable pastor, Dr. Ripley, and his beloved teacher, the sainted Ware, took part. It is not too much to say, that the mantle of their ministerial fidelity and singleness of heart fell on him. The same month, he went to Quincy. He there found scarcely the rudiments of a society. There was no meeting-house, no church, and scarcely an organization. To show how moderate were his expectations, let us take an extract of his letter after the second Sunday. "We had a goodly number; about fifty in the morning, and upwards of sixty in the afternoon." And yet he says, "I do not expect *all* that come in at first, to be permanent worshippers. Some come from curiosity." On the sixth Sabbath, he writes: "Notwithstanding the extreme cold, I had twenty-five hearers in the morning, and thirty-three in the afternoon." On the 12th of January, 1841, he writes:—"I have now been here six weeks. Everything goes on very pleasantly. My Bible Class is under full operation. We meet once a week, and have upwards of twenty members. We have organized a church with twelve members, a good beginning, considering the smallness of the congregation." * April, 1841, he writes:—"The first Sunday of April was a blessed day for our church. We had an addition of four members, all young. It is peculiarly interesting to see the young coming into the church. Our congregation in the morning was the largest we have had; it numbered about eighty." Such were the small beginnings, and the cheerfulness and hope with which he looked upon them.

But these were not his greatest discouragements. The place contained three or four thousand inhabitants, and there were seven or eight established societies. Unitarian sentiments were new, and were everywhere spoken against. March 5, 1841, he writes:—"From what I can learn, about three fourths of the members of the different churches here look upon Unitarians as no better than infidels, perhaps worse. Very few will go to hear Unitarian preaching; but when they do go, and hear what they cannot object to, then comes the 'unkindest cut of all;' they say, 'The Unitarians do not believe what they preach,' or, 'They keep back their objectionable doctrines.' It is this bigotry in the churches that has driven away many of the best citizens from attending our church. I attended a protracted meeting where this pro

public to build them an elegant church. But without asking for a dollar, they built themselves a small, neat chapel, at their own charges.

Mr. Moore was not without the same temptation that many a good minister in a humble position elsewhere, has been subject to, and too often overcome by. It is well known, that many large societies, like as a serpent beguiled Eve, through his subtlety, have held out a worldly bait to tempt away their ministers from weaker societies. In the year 1843, some one wrote to Mr. Moore, to sound him, in regard to receiving a call from a large and flourishing society in the most delightful spot in New England. In a letter to a friend, he made this Christian reply:—"I wrote by the next mail to Mr.——— as you requested. I must confess, I hardly knew how to reply to that letter. A strong temptation was placed before me. Were I to listen to my own *inclination*, I should not hesitate a moment. But I have long since learned, that there is a more commanding voice to which the Christian should listen—the voice of *duty*. I have here many causes of discouragement. My society is smaller than it was, and there seems to be no prospect of an increase at present. They will probably not be able to pay me the salary which they voted at the commencement of the year. And if I continue here, I must look forward to a life of toil, with little external reward. I see all this very plainly. But what then? Is the truth any the less important because only a few embrace it? Is my station here any the less important because I am surrounded with bigotry and fanaticism? I know not why the Christian ministers should not take up the cross and follow Jesus, and live a life of self-sacrifice as well as in primitive times. But when I talk of self-sacrifice, I feel reproved by my conscience. My wants are all comfortably provided for. I am living in a pleasant, intelligent society. I can devote myself almost entirely to my studies. I feel that my lot is cast in the West. Accordingly, I wrote to Mr.——— that I could give no encouragement at all to the people in———." I have known two other similar offers declined in the same manner. I regret my limits will not allow me to present more instances in which Mr. Moore exhibited this heroic spirit of self-denial. His life was full of them. Temptation seemed to be entirely powerless, where duty was concerned. And his faith in God under the darkest prospects, often reminds us of the resolution signed by the Moravian missionaries when they went to Greenland, that they would labor ten years, if no trace of success should appear.

Mr. Moore met the disappointments and duties of life not only with a conscientiousness and faith, but with perennial cheerfulness. Two or three years ago he set his heart on housekeeping. His object in this he thus states:—"I looked not forward to this hope with a selfish view; I see clearly that my usefulness as a minister here, depends very much upon my having a house of my own. It is for the good of others, for the good of the cause of true religion, that I would secure a home." He was disappointed for a time, for the want of means, and the manner he bore it is the best evidence of the sincerity of his words. To a friend who wrote to sympathize with him, he answers:—"Your friend, poor as his society is, is not restrained in his circumstances, any more than it is best that he should be. He reasons in this way, that if Providence had intended he should commence housekeeping a year ago, the money would have been provided. It was not provided, and therefore it was not the intention of Providence that he should carry out his plan. He seeks to follow the leadings of Providence." And then he pays a beautiful tribute to the kindness and liberality of his people, as he does on every occasion. He mentions several touching instances, enumerates his blessings and opportunities, and asks, "What more should I desire?"

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His words of comfort to the bereaved, and in his own bereavement, were beautiful, they were so full of faith. As death drew near, his faith changed almost into vision.

"Within the last week almost every individual in his parish visited him. To every one he had something particular to say. It seemed as if he was inspired. Many from other religious societies came in to see him. No one went away with a dry eye. Several little girls brought in beautiful boquets of flowers which he enjoyed to the last. Some of his choir came in to sing his favorite tunes. Never was a pastor more beloved by his flock than he by his. His sick-chamber seemed holy ground. It was consecrated by the tears and prayers of his people. Every one considered it a privilege to be with him and hear him converse." His last message to distant friends was, "So to live, that when you lie down on the bed of death, the eternal life may be as real and glorious to you as it now is to me." [Religious Monthly Magazine.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, JUNE 26, 1847.

VALEDICTORY.

We cannot withdraw, as we now do, from our Editorial duties without a parting word. Our connexion both with the readers and the proprietor of the Register, has been altogether a pleasant one, and it is not without a sensation of personal sorrow that we cease from our weekly interview with the many friends to whom it has been our privilege to speak. We have been cheered in our labors by the kind approval of many, and when others, with perhaps equal kindness, have found fault, we have endeavored to profit by their advice and to make the paper more worthy of their regard. But we have felt its imperfections, and regret that we had not the time nor the ability to make it better.

To our correspondents, some of whom have been among the ablest of our writers, we would express our thanks for their aid; and if, in a few instances, we have been too slow to avail ourselves of the assistance offered, it has been from a strong but perhaps unwise desire, not to involve our readers in the perplexities of a violent controversy, or tire them out by the length of a protracted, though able series of articles.

We would also express our gratitude for the courtesy which we have, almost without an exception received from the editors of other papers, even when we have been engaged on controverted points. From the extended intercourse which we have thus had with other denominations, we have been led to form a higher estimate both of their motives and their conduct. We cannot agree with them in matters of Theology, and neither we nor they can regard these points of difference as light or unimportant, but there is a common spirit uniting all true hearts, and a common faith, deeper and stronger than these controverted doctrines, which may bind together all who sincerely believe in Christ and strive to do the will of God. We may not join in our efforts as one visible body, but so far as we believe in Christ and cherish his spirit, we are engaged in the same cause, laboring for the advancement of God's kingdom and the conversion of the world.

We are particularly interested in what are called the great moral reforms of the day. The groans of suffering millions appeal to heaven and to all Christian hearts for aid. Governments are unequal. The structure of society is defective. The organization of the Church is wrong. Man's intercourse with man is not regulated by Christian principles. The strong oppress the weak. The rich are insolent, the poor are vicious. Intemperance thrives on the ruin of its victims. War is making its desolating ravages, and Christian people are applauding those who are most skilful in carrying on its work of death. We may see all around us enough of crime and wretchedness to sadden and distress us. But there are also true hearts and lofty souls in every department of life; in Church and state, among rich and poor, among the most conservative and the most revolutionary. And a comparison with any past age, will, we are persuaded, show, that in respect to the great evils that oppress society there has been progress. The public sentiment in this country on all these points, is sounder than it was twenty, thirty, or fifty years ago. There is comparatively less licentiousness, less intemperance among us. The marriage tie is more sacred. Education is carried farther and is more universally diffused. If slavery numbers more among its victims, it has drawn upon itself the moral and religious condemnation of the civilized world, and can no longer engage the sympathy or respect of any but those who are personally interested in it. And if we are verily guilty in respect to this deplorable war in which we are engaged, we cannot but see everywhere through the land encouraging symptoms respecting this great evil. Whatever may be the case with loose, idle members of society and with a few leading politicians of both political parties, it is plain that the great body of our people have no heart for it, and give to it only a cold and reluctant support, while many are led by it to look, with new interest, into the whole general subject of international war. There is, then, not only a great and serious work before us, as reformers, but the field is one full of encouragement. For ourself, we have little faith in any way of acting, but that by which the great principles of Christian truth and duty may be brought to bear on the individual mind and heart That is our chosen mode of action. We would not bring a railing accusation against even the most abandoned of our brethren. They are still human beings, to be reclaimed, if at all, by tones of kindness and by solemn appeals to the conscience. We would not by harsh measures or resolutions cut them off from our intercourse and kindly sympathies, but would meet them as brethren and plead with them by all the sanctions of our common religion and the hopes and fears of our common nature. We have little faith in protests or public resolutions. But we have no quarrel with those who do believe in such things. We must work according to our views of right, leaving to them the same freedom which we ask for ourselves.

But it is not our purpose here to review the whole field of Christian effort. That field is the world, a world of suffering, toil and conflict, but a world also of faith, and hope and charity. As we believe in God and his son, so must we believe in the righteous cause, and while doing all that we can for its advancement, let us be content to leave the end with Him, who through the feeblest and most unexpected means, may accomplish the most momentous results.

We had wished to say a word in relation to our own religious denomination. But it is hardly worth the while. We believe more and more firmly that the great principles on which we rest are the everlasting truths of the Gospel of Christ, and that sooner or later, they must everywhere prevail. This end may not be gained by us. It may be that like David, we have been too much engaged in war, to be permitted to build the temple of the Most High. We, as a body, may not have the zeal and energy, the self-sacrificing virtues, the self-denying faith, and the intense, all-enduring love, which must belong to those who would sustain so august and sacred a cause. When we look to the truths, as we find them in the words of Christ, or shining out through his life and death, we feel that assuredly they must prevail. But when we look at those who are engaged in the work, and see to what earthern vessels these sacred truths are entrusted, we can only pray that new laborers may be sent; that new life may break out in all the different Churches, and the great work be so carried on that no one can claim the honor, but all in the Psalm of triumph, may exclaim, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory." Still we as a denomination have much to do. May we be faithful to our trust.

The Christian Register, in its way, may be an instrument of great usefulness, and we trust that such arrangements will now be made as to bring into it more than heretofore of the strength of the denomination. Let our ablest and most zealous writers give to it, not their old, cast off lectures or essays, but their newest and best thoughts. We withdraw from it, because we could not in connexion with our other engagements make it at what it should be, and also because we wish, in our pleasant retreat, amid professional duties which we love, to repair as far as we may, in our private studies, the waste caused by thirteen years of feeble but slowly improving health.

MINISTRY TO THE POOR.

Our Ministry at Large in this city is accomplishing a good work, and the societies which they have gathered in are prosperous and interesting. We would by no means have them given up. But we doubt whether the matter is yet on its right basis, and whether the system now pursued among us for the benefit of the poor, is what it should be. It certainly is liable to very serious objections, though these objections may be greatly obviated, as we believe they are, by the zeal and fidelity of the ministers employed.

We would confine our remarks to a single objection,—the separation of the rich and the poor in their places of worship. It is not well that there should be such a separation. It is good for all to feel that the Church is a place open alike to all classes, where the distinctions of life vanish, and rich and poor meet on the same humble level. That which tends to fill one Church entirely with the prosperous and another with the depressed, is alike injurious to both. The kindly sympathies, which ought to bind the two classes together, can in no way be cherished so truly, as by worshipping at the same altar, and by giving and receiving the offices of kindness which may so properly be interchanged among members of the same religious society. In this way, the duty of attending to the poor, not merely as distant objects of compassion, but as members of the same household in Christ, is brought home to the more prosperous. Their children are brought into easy and natural relations with the poor and needy, and may go among them, dispensing blessings and comforts, as to those who have much in common with themselves.

But then, it is said, there are vast multitudes who can never be drawn into any of our churches. This is true, and there are vast multitudes now who cannot be drawn into the chapels for the poor. In Salem, there is a Minister at Large, Mr. John Ball, supported by the generosity of a young woman and her brother, both now absent from the country. What Mr. Ball's distinctive religious opinions may be, neither we nor they who employed him, know. It was enough, to know that he was a man of religious character, whose heart and hands for years have been engaged in this work. His business is, to go among the poor throughout the city, to exhort, advise, assist and comfort them, having his only altar by the bed-side of the sick, in the homes of the needy, or wherever he may meet them. He strives to interest them in religious matters and to induce them to go, with their little ones, to Church, wherever they may prefer to go, he preparing the way, introducing them and the members of the Church where they would go, to each other's notice, and seeing that they are not neglected there. He procures places for children, has them removed from dangerous influences, and takes care that they shall attend the public schools. He endeavors to interest particular Churches and particular persons among the prosperous in particular families of poor people. In short, his object is to bring the rich and poor into a more direct and kindly relationship and especially to induce prosperous religious societies and the poor to feel that they are bound together by the purest and strongest ties of our holy faith. These are among the modes of his influence. And is not this the right sort of ministry to the poor? Is it not better, may it not be made to accomplish a vast deal more for the good of all, and is it not more in harmony with the spirit of our master, than that system, which would bring the rich together in their stately temples and make provision for the poor in Chapels peculiarly appropriated to them?

Every religious Society among us should regard itself, in one sense, as a Missionary Society, whose office it is to preach the Gospel to the poor, and within its walls ample provision should be made for their accommodation and assistance. They may and should support men whose whole business it is, to go among the poor, and minister to their wants bodily and spiritual. And the more effectually these Ministries bring the different classes of society together, and bind them together by offices of kindness and sympathy, and, especially, the more they are able to make rich and poor feel that both alike may have a common home in the same Church, the more successfully will they labor in this noble field of Christian effort.

We would earnestly call the attention of all our Societies, whether in large or small towns, and especially the attention of the benevolent in our large places to this most interesting and important subject. No religious Society can long be prosperous, which does not care for the poor.

TO SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS.

Do not be discouraged, if for a time you seem to make no impression. You cannot see the influences which act upon the minds of your pupils, or the results which may come from your instructions, when you are in your graves. Labor on in faith, knowing that God will not desert his cause. Labor on in love, bound by the holiest affections to your pupils. And do not let your interest in them be confined to the Sabbath School. Meet them elsewhere. Prepare your minds during the week. The truths, which are most useful to them are the most profitable also for yourselves. Imbue your minds with them, and most of all with the spirit of truth and prayer, through which your minds may be open to the highest and best influences from above. It is a blessed work in which you are engaged. May it prove so to you. But do not expect sudden and visible results. Do your duty, and leave the rest to Him who sends the dews and showers.

THE TEMPLE.

This beautiful world in which we live—the temple which God has built;—may we by our fidelity and love, prove ourselves worthy to dwell within it, till transferred to a sphere yet more divine.

MOURNING.

Why do we weep? Not for the young and pure, who are taken from our sight. They are safe and we cannot mourn for them. But the sense of loss presses painfully upon us. We cannot see them. We cannot locate them. They have gone from us and where are they; or how do they live? These are questions which we cannot answer. And yet we know that they live, that the same kind Father who watched over them here, is yet with them; that they have only gone to join the great assembly of the pure in heart, and that now they may be nearer to us than before the vesture of decay had been laid aside and the garments of immortality assumed. Let us strive to think of them as ministering spirits, watching over us with that tender solicitude, which only those who have entered on the unseen realities of eternity can feel. And let our hearts be such that we are willing to have those dearest to us see all that is passing within. Above all, let us cherish, in this hour of our tribulation, the feeling of entire submission to the will of Him who ordereth all things well, who does not willingly afflict the children of men, and who, through these sufferings of a day, would prepare for us a crown of everlasting joy.

SECTARIANISM.

We have not been able to work ourselves up to any very violent pitch of sectarian feeling. We rejoice to see the good cause prospering in the hands of our friends; but we rejoice still more to see a work full of Christian truth and kindness published in other denominations. For it will find its way to thousands whom our words cannot reach. During the short time that we have had charge of the Register, we have taken particular pleasure in laying before our readers choice extracts from the writings of other sects, and especially from books which were not likely to fall into the hands of our readers. We look upon the Christian world at this time with great hopefulness. There is bigotry and narrowness. But they are the exclusive property of no sect. They belong to individual minds, and the spirit of the age is against them. There is in all denominations a large class of men, dissatisfied with the dry technicalities of Theology, who are beginning to seek a purer atmosphere, and to utter words of Christian power and love. They are growing up to be the leading minds all around us, and just in proportion as they come up, shall we as a distinct body go down, not because the great principles through which we have risen fail, but because they have become a part of the common inheritance.

THE WAR.

We cannot leave the Christian Register without once more uttering a solemn remonstrance against the cruel and unjust war in which we are engaged. How were we drawn into it? Why has it been waged? What good thing can it accomplish? Thousands of young men have lost their lives. Thousands of homes have been filled with mourning. Women and children have been slain by hundreds. Peaceful villages have been subjected to the multiplied horrors of war, and a neighboring nation filled with hatred towards us. Our gallant navy is employed in battering down the huts of a poor, innocent and hospitable people. Least of all, millions of dollars have been spent. And for what? Why all this waste? Why is it? Who is ready to take upon himself the responsibility of the deed? Who of our great men dares to stand forth in the face of the nation and the world, and say? "This is my doing. I set this terrible enginery in motion. I began this work of blood, and I will carry it through." Is there any one, who would not shrink from such a responsibility? What course now becomes us as a Christian people? Must we not, in the way provided by our laws, refuse to furnish the means for carrying it on? Must we not turn the public mind upon it, examine its objects, and meditate on the fearful waste of life which it is causing?

As a specimen of the sort of people with whom we are warring and the sort of work we are doing, we subjoin from a friend the following notice of the city of Tabasco.

For the Register.

As the latest accounts from Mexico informs us that Commodore Perry is preparing for another attack upon the city of Tabasco, I thought it might be interesting to our readers to know something of that place and of its inhabitants.

Tabasco City is situated on the left bank of the river of that name; about 70 miles from its mouth. Tabasco River empties into the Gulf of Mexico at a point between Campeche and Vera Cruz. The land rises gradually from the river's edge for more than half a mile, forming a beautiful site for the town.

A few houses in the centre of the city are built of brick, but much the larger number is of wood, and many are constructed without the use of a board or nail.—Thus, they set four posts firmly in the ground, each of them having a crotch or elbow in the upper end, on which to rest the cross timbers which support the rafters. The rafters are tied together with a tough vine; cross poles are fastened to them and then the whole roof thatched over with the palm leaf. The sides of the house are made by driving poles into the ground and securing the upper ends with the ti-ti vine. The interstices are then filled with clay. The floor is made by mixing a small quantity of lime with clay and spreading it over the ground now enclosed. Then it is pounded down so as to make a hard surface, which gives them a comfortable floor in that warm climate.

The soil is rich, the climate is congenial to all tropical fruits, and these grow in great abundance—It is said that three crops of Indian corn might be raised every year, if the earth were properly cultivated, which it is not.

The characteristics of this people, when I was among them, were what I presume they now are, and have been for a century. They were ignorant, indolent, and superstitious. Yet they were simple, unostentatious, and for ought I could learn, honest. Tabasco 20 years ago had a population of from 5 to 6000 souls. Yet the only vehicle in that city was a clumsy, ill-constructed ox-cart! This was exhibited for the first time on the Sunday after my arrival—drawn through the rough and almost impassable streets by two oxen. The cart was decorated with flags and filled with children, who waved their banners as they passed through the streets to the beat of drums. Such were the rejoicing of this simple people over this achievement in the mechanic arts! Their food consisted almost altogether of fish and fruits. Of the former quite a variety could be daily bought in the market place ready cooked.

They had three churches in Tabasco, and the Saint's days of one were scarcely ended when the saint's days of another began, so that almost the entire year one or another of these churches was open for public worship. The inhabitants of Tabasco were simple-hearted, honest and hospitable; and, as they understood it, religious. Having business connexions with them, I had no difficulty in arranging them to my entire satisfaction. Possessing no peculiar claims upon their kindly consideration, yet was I hospitably entertained and generously treated. Living as they did, 70 miles from the sea-coast, they had not that frequent and consequently contaminating intercourse with other nations which is found in maritime cities.

And, now, this harmless people, living principally in these reed houses, engaged most of the time, in their devotional exercises, without so much as a gun to defend themselves when I was there, are to be destroyed by our gallant navy! It needs no prophet to foretell, that one shell skilfully directed, would shatter a dozen of their huts. Can it be that such barbarous waste of life is to be tolerated by the people of this country? Can the Christian, thinking man, sit quietly down and read in flaming capitals the accounts of the wanton destruction of homes and families, without the sense of burning shame in his own honest cheek? Will not public opinion arraign the perpetrators of such deeds before its high tribunal to answer for such an outrage on humanity? W.

GRUMBLING.

The English are said to be the most richly endowed with this gift of any nation in the world. We, as their descendants, may claim to have inherited a pretty respectable portion from our ancestors. There is nothing which is not, at times, the subject of complaint among us, from the weather and other matters more peculiarly under the direction of Providence, down to Tom Thumb and the last meeting of the Unitarian Association. Nothing is right to all, and he who takes part in any matter is sure to be found fault with, and as sure to be blamed if he remains entirely still. It may perhaps be shown, on established physiological principles, that through this channel is opened a safety-valve for the escape of bad humors and passions, which, if confined within, might some day threaten a terrific explosion. But on moral grounds we a little question the expediency of this sort of cure. Uncomfortable passions and ill humors are in no way generated so rapidly as by freely giving vent to them, nor can we conceive of any process by which a few discontented people can work themselves up into the perfect gall of bitterness more effectually than by coming together and in the freest possible manner commenting on the real or supposed faults of their Christian friends, especially if there should happen to be a large mixture of the philanthropic element in their pretensions. There is no hatred like a thorough brotherly hatred,—no antipathy like that between husband and wife, and no uncharitableness like that which professing Christians, with opposing views, sometimes exercise towards each other.

LONDON INQUIRER.

We are sorry to see that Mr. Hincks, who, from the beginning, has been the Editor of the London Inquirer, has retired from that paper. Under his direction the Inquirer has been remarkable for the zeal, candor and ability with which it was conducted. As their principal paper, it certainly was an honor to the English Unitarians, and we trust that it will now, in new hands, sustain the high character, which it has acquired.

TESTIMONY AGAINST SLAVERY.

The American Unitarian Association, at its meeting in this city, during Anniversary week, added to the faithful and explicit testimony, already rendered by that denomination against slavery, by adopting the following resolution:—

"Resolved, That we believe slaveholding to be in direct opposition to the law and will of God, entirely incompatible with the precepts and spirit of Christianity, and wholly at variance with a Christian profession."

The Unitarians, thanks to the good influence of the noble-hearted Dr. Channing, have, from the beginning, deserved the greatest credit for their consistent and manly ground in favor of religion, civilization, and humanity against slavery.

The above is from the New York Evangelist, a paper which has taken a very decided stand against slavery in all its forms. It has a vast circulation, and we cannot but hope that great good will result from the firm, consistent and Christian course which it is pursuing on this subject. We have always regarded the Evangelist as one of the most interesting papers that we see, and hope it will not take it unkindly, if we add, that we believe it to be infusing a new and better life into the denomination with which it is connected. It has too much faith in its own doctrines to fear to be just to others.

THE LETHEON, OR USE OF SULPHURIC ETHER IN SURGICAL OPERATIONS.—WHO DISCOVERED IT?

We have just read two pamphlets, one by Edward Warren, the other by Martin Gay, M. D., the former maintaining that Dr. Wm. S. G. Morton, the latter, that Dr. Charles T. Jackson is the author of this most important discovery. From the evidence here presented, the facts appear to us to be these. Dr. Jackson, as early as 1842, had been aware of the agency of Sulphuric Ether in producing a state of insensibility, and in the fall of that year recommended something of the kind to Samuel A. Bemis, dentist in Boston, in order to prevent all consciousness of pain; but Dr. Bemis was unwilling to try the experiment. In March, 1846, Dr. Jackson advised Wm. F. Channing, M. D., to inhale sulphuric ether, to relieve the spasms caused by inhaling chlorine, which was done by Dr. Channing with success. In February, 1846, Dr. Jackson repeated to Joseph Peabody, of Salem, "minutely the effects which would be produced by the inhalation of sulphuric ether," and, says Mr. Peabody in his affidavit, "urged me to apply the ether when I wished to have my teeth extracted, assuring me of his confidence that I would escape the pain of the operation," and that no bad consequences would follow. Mr. Peabody, however, was prevented from making the experiment.

During the summer of 1846, Dr. Morton, a dentist, had been very earnestly seeking some means of producing insensibility to pain in the operations of dentistry, and had made some experiments with ether, apparently, "chloric of ether," which he was sanguine might lead to important results. The last of September, Dr. Morton visited Dr. Jackson, and pretending that he wished for something with which to act on the imagination of a patient, who was to have a tooth drawn, got from Dr. Jackson a minute account of the effect of Sulphuric Ether and the best mode of using it, with the assurance that it "would not do the least injury." Dr. Jackson "urged the matter very earnestly and with perfect confidence," and "urged Morton to try it on himself." Dr. Morton did try it, first on himself, and then, Sept. 30th, with perfect success on a patient, from whom a tooth was taken without pain. Either on that day or the next, he announced his success to Dr. Jackson, who expressed no surprise, but advised him to try the experiment at the General Hospital. Dr. Jackson, after this, seems to have taken no great interest in the matter, but was evidently anxious, lest he should be made responsible for any mischief that might result from an unskilful use of so powerful an agent, and therefore requested that his name might not be used in connexion with it. Dr. Morton pursued the subject with great ardor, very much improved the apparatus to be used in administering the ether, and on the 16th of October, successfully administered it to a patient in the General Hospital. The experiment was soon repeated there, and produced a great sensation among medical men. At this time Dr. Jackson, on meeting Dr. Warren, informed him that he had suggested the use of the ether to Dr. Morton. Evidently Dr. Jackson did not till then wake up to a sense of the vast importance of the discovery which he had made, although, from the evidence furnished by their two pamphlets, we can have no doubt, that he did actually make the discovery.

We ought, perhaps, to add, that we began the perusal of these pamphlets with a very strong impression against Dr. Jackson's claim. In making up our opinion we have confined ourselves to that portion of the pamphlets, which would be received in a Court of Law. Most of what is contained in one of the pamphlets is entirely irrelevant and intended only to create an unfavorable prejudice by statements foreign to the case.

For the Register.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

INFIDELITY AND THE NEW YORK PULPIT.

New York, June 22, 1847.

Dear Sir,—There is one fact in connection with the general subject of preaching and preachers in New York which claims notice, because significant of the new ground occupied at the present time by the opposers of Christianity. The fact I allude to is this, that there is very little of that formal preaching on the evidences of revealed religion which was formerly customary in all pulpits of all denominations. At first view one would be led to think that theoretical Infidelity had drawn off from the contest, yielded its weapons and its warfare, and left a clear field to the Gospel of Christ. Almost without exception lectures and sermons in defence of revelation against the old fashioned objections of Infidelity have ceased, simply because no necessity appears to call for them.

And so it seems to me that Infidelity as it appeared in the writings of Hume, Volney, Voltaire, Herbert, Paine and others, seldom presents itself now. The astronomical and geological arguments of infidelity, in like manner, are no longer pressed with any show of confidence. All the old entrenchments seem to be forsaken, and it is not even known where the adversary is to be found.

I imagine it to be a mistake, if any suppose that Infidelity is either dead or inactive, or that it has fallen into the Christian ranks; and it seems to me a most important duty which the ministry owe to the Church and the world, that they should follow the spirit of Infidelity in all its windings and detect it in all its multiform developments. Where is Infidelity now and what is it doing? are questions of vital importance, and which none should be better able to answer than the watchman on the walls of Zion.

If I might venture an opinion as to the answer proper to be returned to these questions, I would say the spirit of Infidelity is engaged, just now, not in searching for discrepancies in the Scriptures; not in arraying geological or astronomical facts against the Mosaic history; not in impeaching the miracles or doctrines of the Bible; not on these or such like questions is she contesting the field with Christianity. But this is the ground now taken, namely, that Christianity is a failure; that under the most favorable circumstances in which it has ever yet operated upon human society it has fallen far short of any essential and radical renovation—that it has done little more than exchange one kind of sin and folly for another—that notwithstanding all its promises and all its boasts of being able to turn the lion into a lamb and to introduce a heaven upon earth, it has eradicated no root of evil in the human heart, even where it has reigned most triumphantly. The infidel points to those communities, those towns and villages and neighborhoods where the gospel has been preached without hindrance and embraced universally, and he asks why it is that on the most enlightened and thoroughly evangelized spots you find springing up all the bad passions, pride, envy, malice, ambition, avarice, and all other evil propensities! The infidel maintains that radically, in all the essential characteristics of a bad nature, men under the Gospel are just the same as they are under Paganism, and that all the difference is of form merely. The infidel at this day alleges that the Gospel not only fails to effect a radical change in the principles of men, but that it even fails to produce any considerable outward reformation of manners—that it fails to prevent war—that it breaks up none of the odious distinctions between rich and poor, high and low born; and affords no remedy for the vast and oppressive social evils that every where overwhelm the masses.

It is a remarkable fact too, and one that has been brought out with great clearness and force by the late lamented Dr. Chalmers, that infidelity at the present day is not only charging the defects above mentioned upon Christianity, but is actually laboring in various ways to discover and apply a more effective system of philanthropy. It is a fact, as Dr. C. alleges, that many of the most active and anxious minds now employed in inquiring into the means of elevating and improving human society are just the minds that have repudiated the Christian system as a defective system of philanthropy—as a system which though it may have achieved some useful ends, has had its day and must now be laid aside for something better. They imagine that Christianity and the Church have along with other systems and influences helped to improve and advance our social condition, but that it has not the power to do more for us or raise us higher; and as the old Mosaic economy when it had accomplished its end made way for the Christian system, so now the Christian economy with its Church and Church ordinances having performed its mission and exhausted its power must give way to some more active, elevating and purifying system, whose office and mission it will be to bring to a close the miseries and vices that now triumph in our world, and open a new era of happiness and virtue upon earth.

These are the views of a large and influential class of thinkers, writers and workers at the present time, this one sentiment that the Church has become obsolete and imbecile being common to them all. These are the true and great antagonists of the pulpit. The opposition to the whole scheme of Churches, ministers, sermons, Gospel ordinances, is arrayed under a banner upon which is inscribed the word "Philanthropy." There the ministry will find the main strength of that combination which they will have to contend with. They will find these men planting themselves on this ground, that the Church under all its denominational forms is a failure; that it does not make the world materially wiser, better or happier. *They do not believe in the Church*, and in the eye of the Church and its ministry are therefore infidels or unbelievers.

Now if these things are so, it is important that our ministers should understand it. They should not imagine that there is no opposition to the Church, no infidelity, because the old-fashioned arguments of Hume, Paine, &c., are no longer repeated. That is not the ground chosen by them now; but as already stated they maintain the inefficiency of its philanthropy. The ministry, then, accomplish little or nothing by answering ever so ably the argument of Hume against miracles; or the low wit of Paine and Voltaire. They must meet the opposition on their own ground, and show, in the face of all cavil, that the Gospel *is* the wisdom of God and the power of God to salvation. They must show that it *can* and *does* accomplish its objects—and if it has been inefficiently preached it must be preached better and more powerfully. A new life must be infused into the ordinances of religion; the Church must become a practical, working body, applying itself earnestly to the actual wants, miseries and vices of men, and not ceasing to labor till the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad and blossom as the rose. They must give practical and constant demonstration of the infinite superiority of the Gospel as a philanthropic system, and of the Church as a philanthropic agent in arresting the tide of sin and sorrow that for ages has rolled over the world, and in exalting man to the purity and bliss which are his proper destiny and inheritance, and which it is the will of God he should attain to and retain here and forever.

O if the ministry and membership of the Church would consecrate themselves with singleness of heart and untiring purpose to this great, grand and godlike labor of love, how soon might this poor dark world be filled with bursting song and thanksgiving for its achieved redemption.

Truly yours, Crito.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

It is a great pleasure to see not only the increased interest that is taken in Sunday Schools, but the increased wisdom and care bestowed upon them, particularly in regard to the books which are put into the hands of children and the sort of instruction which is given to them. We have sometimes thought that it would be well, if all our Sunday School Libraries should be burnt, so many foolish, childish, injudicious or simply harmless books are to be found in them. We rejoice that this matter is awakening the attention it deserves, and that books of a healthy religious tone and of a masculine vigor are taking the place of the sickening little novels, that have robbed children of so many noble thoughts. Good biographies are the best books for children;—very few story books are to be commended.

For the Register.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE WORCESTER SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY.

This Society held its annual meeting at Leominster, on Tuesday, the 15th inst., and notwithstanding the remarkable coolness of the weather, very full delegations were in attendance from nearly all the schools connected with the Society. The business meeting was held in the morning, at the Unitarian Church, commencing, according to previous arrangement, at 10 1-2 o'clock, precisely. The meeting was called to order, in the absence of the President, Hon. Thos. Kinnicutt, by Rev. Joseph Allen of Northboro', the Vice President. A nominating committee was then appointed by the presiding officer who reported the names of Rev. Joseph Allen of Northboro' for President; Rev. Calvin Lincoln of Fitchburg for Vice President; and Rev. Edward E. Hale of Worcester for Secretary, and these gentleman were severally chosen officers of the Society for the ensuing year. The Secretary for the last year, Rev. Hiram Withington of Leominster, then read a very able and admirable Report on the present state and future prospects of Sunday Schools, and the claims which they prefer to our attention and interest. This Report was a very interesting document, abounding in valuable and important suggestions in respect to the Sunday School and the requisites for its success. It appeared from it, that there were thirteen Sunday Schools, connected with the Society, comprising 1634 scholars; 211 engaged in Bible Classes, and 264 teachers, making a sum total of 2109 individuals engaged in imparting and receiving Sunday Schools instruction. Of these thirteen schools, that at Leominster is the largest, being composed of little more than 350 scholars and teachers.

The Secretary, in the preparation of his Report, had addressed inquiries to the several schools, connected with the Society, relating to various particulars in regard to their prosperity and welfare. Among these was an inquiry, respecting the state of their Libraries, and asking information concerning these means of doing good. It appeared from the returns, that two schools had no Libraries especially set apart for them, but that the scholars used the Church Library, and seemed to be benefitted by such use. The Secretary, in remarking on this topic, thought that Sunday School Libraries attempt to do too much, and in their endeavor to furnish reading of every variety, not positively immoral, frustrate their own aims. In order to make the sanative attractive, we are apt to mingle too much coriander and honey, so that the healing virtue of the medicine is lost. The greatest danger of Sunday School teaching is, that we try to make it too pleasing. Common School instruction may be so simple, as to enfeeble, rather than strengthen the mind. So in Sunday School Instruction. We endeavor to please the fancy, and delight the senses, and in doing this, forget and neglect the cultivation of the heart. Sunday School instruction should be primarily and principally religious. It ought not to aid in the influences, already too numerous, which tend to weaken the mind, to nurture an effeminate taste, and to give false and erroneous views of life. Neither should it identify with the great object of all religious teaching, which is, to sanctify and Christianize the life and character, the trivial purpose of present interest and gratification, so that the latter becomes the end and not the means. So also, in our desire to make Christianity attractive, we ought not to sacrifice its distinctive character, so that everything shall come to pass for Christianity, which is not positively vicious. Sunday School Libraries should bear directly upon the object, to impart Christian knowledge; they should be *religious* teachers. This should be kept constantly in view. Intellectual culture is not always religious culture, and a wise and prudent discrimination would not be out of place. It might be well, to make a division in the books in the Libraries, and have them distinctly labelled "week day" and "Sunday," or in some way, distinguishing the one as specially religious, and the other not so.*

Parents and teachers should realize under what responsibility they are, in providing suitable books for children, and awakening an interest in them. Our popular literature is like Peter's sheet, wherein are gathered all manner of wild beasts, and creeping things, and fowls of the air, clean and unclean. Our children have but little of Peter's discrimination. Literary gluttons as they are, they devour eagerly whatever comes to hand, fish, flesh and fowl.

The question, "What place does the Bible hold in your Sunday School, as a text-book, and how distinctly, and in what way, should it be regarded and used as the source and guide of Sunday School teaching?" was asked, from an apprehension, that our Sunday School teaching was too vague and general, not distinctively Christian. The fact, that the Sunday School is a Christian Institution should be kept prominently before the mind, and that the source and sanction of its teachings are in the words of Christ. There is little fear of bigotry and sectarianism, of prejudicing the mind. It is our business to prejudice the mind, in favor of Christianity. Some how or some where the young *mind will be prejudiced*, and if Christian prejudices are not instilled, there is room for bigotry, sectarianism and skepticism, of which some are so afraid.

The general tone of the reports from the Schools is of hopefulness and encouragement. The encouragements are, general faithfulness

and fidelity on the part of teachers, a more constant attendance through the whole of the lessons of the Schools, and an increase of Bible classes. There is but one discouragement, but that is a serious one. It is, a lack of interest on the part of *parents*. The Sunday School has become a common *thing*. Novelty has subsided, and the wonder is, that the interest has continued so *long*. Three suggestions are offered, which, if *carried* out, it is hoped, would produce such an *interest*, as the Sunday School needs for its complete success.

1st. Bring in more older persons and adults. Every person is operating either for or against the Sunday School. Every person ought to give it his cordial co-operation and support. The question is, not whether it can do *him* any good, but whether he can do *it* any good.

2nd. The mechanism should be complete, to wit, an interested minister, a faithful Superintendent, devoted Teachers, and co-operating parents. This machinery we should obtain, and keep it good.

3rd. In these times of agitation and unrest the hope of Christian Institutions, Sunday public worship, the church, the hope of individual sanctification, and Christian holiness, is first and chief in the Sunday School. Not only is it the first stage of Christian education, but it is the induction and the portal of the Church of Christ. Teachers should reflect then, on the infinite value of their own example, and teach Christianity, not by word only, but by deed also, by "a godly walk and conversation."

The Sunday School deserves and claims furtherance and support, both from the good that it promises, and the good it does. It has an influence both on the individual and society. It brings out many to attendance upon divine worship, that otherwise would be absent. It saves the young man from a home-spent and idle Sunday. It exerts an influence for good on many a one, which *will* be felt through all his after *life*. Besides, it is a great conservator of the public peace and the public morals. The place has its influence. It is God's truth, that is spoken there, and, notwithstanding the unfaithfulness and negligence of teachers, much good must be done. Those, who lack faith in Sunday School instruction, forget its restorative influence. The Sunday School, then, demands support from every right-minded person. It is an old and not doubtful experiment. Next to the Sunday and public worship, this is the greatest and the best Christian Institution, the few grown ears, that give abundant promise of the perfect harvest. The spectacle, which the Sunday School presents, is one of sublime, moral significance. It brings out to view one of the most delightful aspects of Christianity. A million and a half of children; two hundred thousand teachers, a noble army of Christian warrors, marching onward to conquer and drive back the hosts of wickedness! They are the missionaries to future ages, publishing God's truth; the pioneers of a brighter glory; the prophets of a purer day!

At the conclusion of this excellent Report, an abstract of which I have endeavored to give above, it was voted, that copies be printed and distributed among the several Schools. Rev. Mr. Hale then read the Report of the Receiving Committee, recommending an exchange of certain books among the different Libraries. This recommendation was acted on, and a Resolve passed accordingly. The hour of twelve having arrived, the Society was invited to partake of a bountiful Collation, furnished by the generosity of the Teachers of the Leominster Sunday School, and other members of the Parish.

Having done ample justice to this manifestation of kindness and hospitality, the Society met again at 1 1-2 P. M. at the Meeting-house, which was completely filled. The children of the Sunday School with their Teachers were present, and thus a new interest was added to the scene. An impressive prayer was then offered by Rev. Mr Alger of Marlboro', after which the President introduced Gideon F. Thayer, Esq. of Boston, who made an interesting and instructive address to the children present. He urged upon them the necessity of disinterested kindness, and illustrated his remarks by several incidents which had come under his own observation.

Rev. Mr. Lincoln of Fitchburg, followed on the responsibility of Parents. How careful ought they to be, to regulate their every day life, according to the strictest rules of Christian propriety and decorum. Much depended upon the character and example, which the Parent set before his child. Too frequently more regard was paid to the clothing of the body, than the adorning the mind and cultivating the heart. Parents should co-operate most heartily with the Sunday School Teacher, else little good can be done. They should manifest their interest in every possible manner. He mentioned an instance of Parents' rising earlier than usual upon Sundays, in order to send their children in good season to the Sunday School. A most commendable example! It would be well, if followed more generally.

Rev. Mr. Babcock of Luenburg, then addressed the Society. He alluded in the commencement of his address, to the near connection that once existed between himself and his brother Withington. They were classmates in the Divinity School, but on the conclusion of their course of study there, they had been removed to fields of labor, distant from each other. Now they had become united, and he hoped, would labor long and manfully, shoulder to shoulder, in this great work of Sunday School instruction. He spoke of the distinctive character of such instruction, and urged the importance of preserving it.

Rev. Mr. Hill of Worcester, was the next speaker. An incident in one of the speeches of Edward Everett recurred to his mind, from the associations of the place. While on a journey to the Western States, Mr. E. had occasion to stop at one of the farthest villages in the "far west," and while there, he saw a *Leominster axe*. It showed him how extensive an influence went out from the heart of this old and honored commonwealth. Mr. H. drew from this, a lesson for Sunday School Teachers. Their influence will be felt throughout the width and breadth of the land. It will be felt through all the world. As an evidence of this wide-spread influence, he would mention the communications which are now passing across the ocean from Sunday Schools in England to Sunday Schools in the United States. Teachers then, should endeavor to cultivate in themselves, the Spirit of the Great Teacher. They should also be persevering and diligent students, for they have a great work to do, and they leave their marks upon the child for time and for eternity.

Mr. Thayer again spoke upon the subject of Libraries. Care should be taken by the Teacher, if he gives the books to his class before the usual Sunday services in the Church, lest there should be reading during the services. Every boy and girl can learn something by attending to the minister, and the temptation of inattention should not be laid in their way.

Rev. Mr. Edes of Bolton, thought that teachers attempted to do too much, in selecting books for the scholars. The children should be allowed to choose their own books. The Library should be, at first, as good as could be made, and then the scholars should be at liberty to select their books.

Rev. Mr. Hale of Worcester, agreed with his brother from Bolton. Children took pride in reading a man's book. It was one of their happiest days, when they were considered capable of taking and reading such books, as their fathers and their mothers read. He was opposed to this *cant* about the want of comprehension on the part of a child. Their faith was more pure and more firm, their judgment better, than was thought by some. The *wishy-washy trash*, that was generally published under the name of children's books, was an insult to the child. He spoke of the influence of Sunday School Instruction. It has been said, that it is the destiny of the Anglo-Saxon race to overrun and conquer America. He would have them do it in *God's way*. And the Sunday School scholar, if rightly instructed, when he became a man, if he should go forth from the home of his childhood, would do this. Christianity and civilization would go with him, and not the implements of destruction and death.

The hour of four having arrived, which had been agreed upon as the hour of adjournment, a hymn was sung by the choir, a benediction pronounced, and the large assembly quietly dispersed. It was a cheering sight to see so many friends of the Sunday School present. Teachers and scholars with their pastors and friends assembled from a circuit of twenty miles around, and passed the day in quiet and Christian enjoyment. The exercises of the occasion were all highly interesting and instructive, and, we trust, a new impulse was given to the cause in Worcester county, which will be long and pleasurably felt. A.

* It has been stated to the writer that the School at Templeton had adopted this method, and found it productive of much good.

For the Register.

MR. EDITOR,—Permit me in the columns of your paper to correct an error into which Mr. Lewis G. Pray has been led in his account of Sunday Schools. The first Sunday school in Portsmouth, N. H., was established at the suggestion and under the auspices of Rev. John E. Abbot; one, who in passing, I would say, combined in his almost faultless character, the early promise of a most lovely nature, with the ripened graces of Christian excellence; and in whose short life were crowded many suggestions and purposes that have since borne fruit. In 1814, while he was preaching at the North Church, after the death of Rev. Dr. Buckminster, at his suggestion, and by his lively interset, a Sunday School, connected also with a charity school, was established; confined indeed to no parish, but for the instruction of poor girls from the poorer classes of society. It was taught by ladies from both the North and South parishes, and numbered, I think, between 40 and 50 pupils.

The Sunday School established in Dr. Parker's Society in 1818, comprised, with the addition of boys and maleteac hers, the pupils of the previously existing school, and indeed grew out of it. To N. A. Haven belongs the honor of bringing the school to a great degree of systematic order and perfection of instruction, and his early death, at the very moment when the high and noble excellence of his most Christian life and character was most truly appreciated, has not yet ceased to be lamented in his native town. *A teacher in the first Sunday School in Portsmouth.*

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE CLAIMS OF CONGREGATIONAL CHURCHES. A Centennial Address: being a Plea in Vindication of the Rights of the First Church of Christ in Pepperell, Mass., delivered Feb. 9, 1847; by Charles Babbidge, Minister of the First Parish.

Notice of the occasion of this Address has already appeared in our paper, and need not be repeated now. It is one of those unpleasant controversies, which are sometimes forced upon a peaceable man by the unwarrantable assumptions of his neighbors. We do not care to review this case further than to say, that nothing could be more unjustiable than the course pursued by the Orthodox Society in Pepperell, first in fixing upon the day they did for their Centennial Celebration—a period eleven days before the time—and secondly in assuming to be "*The* Church of Christ in Pepperell."

That was a sad day, when subscription to minute articles of a Metaphysical Theology was introduced into our little country towns and made essential to Christian fellowship, cutting up prosperous parishes, bringing in endless divisions and opening fountains of bitterness and strife. A heavy reckoning will be required of those who were the authors of these new measures. The effects have been more disastrous to their cause than to those whom they had hoped thus to embarrass and enfeeble. It is with sadness almost unmingled that we read pictures like the following from Mr. Babbidge's Address. Something like them may be found in many of our small country towns.

"As the traveller passes through the town adjoining us on the west, and sees that venerable meeting-house, so simply, and yet, in some respects, so quaintly fashioned, with its broad, wide-reaching roof, its curiously and elaborately constructed tower, he is forcibly and sadly reminded of other days. There stands a monument of old Congregationalism. There it stands, solitary and deserted, on the mount of sacrifice, where the hands of a departed generation placed it, and where their prayers consecrated it to the worship of Almighty God. Thither, year after year, went up the inhabitants of that town, parents and children, brothers and sisters, neighbors, friends, and fellow-Christians; and there they bowed in humble prayer together,—one people, one minister, in the presence of the one only living and true God. Within that shrine, and around that altar,—now bearing other marks than those of "Time's effacing fingers,"—fathers and mothers gathered, to sprinkle upon the infant's brow the emblems of spiritual purity, to "sign it with the sign of the cross." There, too, the bereaved went up on God's holy day, to find comfort in their affliction, and strength in their sorrow, while all their fellow-worshippers united in a fervent prayer in their behalf. From the steeple of that house went out, year after year, the Sabbath call to Christian worship; and they who neglected the voice of the living preacher, or whom circumstances debarred the privilege of social worship, could hear the voice of this religious monitor sweeping along their fields, and entering at every dwelling, and ever telling the inhabitants of other towns that their brethren were wending their ways to the house of God. How is it now? For years that church has stood a mouldering wreck; no call to prayer issues from its tower; no voice is heard within its walls, save that of the wind moaning over the desolation of the place. There, indeed, is Æolian music; but it never swells into the tones of the loud, triumphant chorus. No; the courts of the Most High are deserted and desolate. And how happens it!—*how happens it?* You have in that house, and in every thing that appertains to it, an illustration of the consequences of sectarian strife. The citizens of that town were told, in common with the citizens of other towns, that they must adopt a narrow, sectarian, exclusive policy,—a creed, not of Christ, but of Calvin,—not of rational and liberal Christianity, but of Orthodoxy. And you see the result. There stands the "dead tree" with its "dry branches"; and Orthodoxy is welcome to all that has followed,—in a special manner, to all the biographical glory of one of its ministers.

And I have in my mind's eye one other "dead tree." I have had occasion, once or twice in my life, to pass through a town in this county, situated many miles off, and there I saw another of the old churches of Massachusetts. For many years the preaching in that house was of the most severe form of Calvinism; and, had I time, I could relate a fact in illustration of the moral effects of such preaching,—a fact in relation to an individual who was executed, many years ago, for a capital offence. There stands the church, in all the imposing grandeur of its primtive architecture. But it is deserted; and it has been so for years. The people outgrew Calvinism, and were too poor, in a divided state, to bear the expenses of public worship. Their house stands empty and useless. It is a "dead tree." Yes, dead. And there, close beside it, is the place where the vermin burrowed that gnawed out the life of the brave old oak. There stands a little church,—a church much smaller than many a village school-house,—and close beside stands, or stood, a grog-shop of three times its dimensions. And who wonders? Divide the hearts of a people, set them unnecessarily at variance on any subject, no matter what, and vice will thrive among them triumphantly. You destroy, utterly annihilate, the public sense of right, and justice, and security; and amid mutually conflicting moral influences, the wrongdoer can work successfully and safely."

CHAMBER'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF ENGLISH LITERATURE, No. 11.

The interest of this work is still well sustained.

FLORA'S ALBUM, by John S. Adams.

A very pretty posy for those who have a taste for such things.

LETTERS TO THE RT. REV. JOHN HUGHES; Roman Catholic Bishop of New York. By Kirwan.

These letters are written with a great deal of spirit, and call attention to the subject, but of course cannot go to the bottom of it.

THE PEACE MANUAL, or War and its Remedies.

This publication by the American Peace Society deserves to be generally circulated, as its whole tendency must be to do away the spirit of war. It is enough to sicken one's heart to read of the enormities which are perpetrated under shelter of the law of nations in times of war.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

We have on hand several unacknowledged but not unwelcome numbers of this excellent Periodical, comprising so much of what is interesting from the whole circuit of Periodical Literature.

THE SWEDENBORG LIBRARY. Part I. Nos 42—49. The Memorabilia of Swedenborg, &c.

This particular pamphlet as well as the one preceding it is composed entirely of a reply by Prof. Bush to Dr. Woods, and is undoubtedly an interesting work for those who are interested in the controversy. We have not had leisure to investigate the merits of the case.

AN INQUIRY INTO THE VIEWS, PRINCIPLES, &c., of the leading men in the origination of our Union, &c. By Thaddeus Allen. No. 5.

This is not to be numbered and forgotten among the ordinary publications of the day, but is prepared with great labor from a careful examination of the sources of information, and made up very much from original documents. All who would understand the subject should have this valuable work.

PURITANISM NOT GENUINE PROTESTANTISM. By the Rev. A. B. Chapin, M. A.

We have not had time to examine this book.

A PLEA FOR THE SOUTH. By Massachusetts Junior. Ogdensburg and Lake Champlain Railroad. Engineer's Report. Hints towards the development of a Unitary Science. By George Conselius.

PAGE FROM THE ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY OF NEW ENGLAND.

A REPORT ON THE VENTILATION OF SCHOOL HOUSES of the City of Boston.

Well worth reading.

THE HORSE and his management.

Or cruelty to horses, a plea in their behalf.

A GRAMMAR OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. By Jos. R. Chandler.

We have kept this by us for some time, hoping to give it a careful examination, as it is the work of a man who has paid great attention to the subject and must be a most competent teacher. We would commend it to our school committees and teachers for their examination.

THE DESCENT OF THE BEATITUDES. An entertainment for Sunday School exhibitions. By D. R. Lee.

OBITUARY.

CYRUS MC'CLURE.

Although this worthy man has been some weeks gone from the world, it is not too late to record his name, where it belongs, among those memorials of humble excellence, which it is peculiarly grateful to render. He was for sixteen years sexton of the West Church in Boston, an office which he well and truly administered. He obeyed indeed the injunction, "Occupy till I come." He used his talent wherever he moved, as in the house of God, with a meek deportment and an upright diligence. We believe he has received the welcome, "Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

SUMMARY. President Polk is coming to Boston.—Rev. Mr. Phelps of the Pine Street Church, in this city, has been appointed to the professorship at Andover, recently held by Professor Parks.—We learn from the Amherst Express, that Hon. Samuel Williston, of Easthampton, has recently given $1000 to Amherst College, for purposes of instruction, in addition to $20,000 which he had previously given to found a Professorship.—The Charlestown Aurora says: "The Watertown Branch Railroad (being an extension of the Fresh Pond road) was opened on Wednesday, 16th, and the trains commenced running four trips a day, as advertised. The cars pass directly along the margin of Fresh Pond, and there is a stopping-place near the gate of Mount Auburn, where a beautiful depot building has been erected."—Rev. Mr. Hague has resigned his office as Pastor of the Rowe St. Baptist Church, on account of ill-health.

CIVILIZATION. The native population of Lahaina, Sandwich Islands, in January, 1846, was 3445. Rev. Mr. Baldwin supposes that "about five hundred native families eat at the table in the style of civilization, and prepare their food after the manner of Europeans."

LIBERALITY OF NEGROES. The colored people of Antigua have lately subscribed seven hundred dollars towards the relief of the suffering poor of Ireland.

ROYAL CONTRIBUTION. The King of Prussia has recently given one thousand thalers (about $750) to the Rhenish Missionary Society, towards defraying the expense of sending its first missionaries to China. The Minister of State, Dr. Eichorn, in transmitting the donation, informed the society that he was charged by the King "to testify the lively interest which his Majesty takes in this enterprise, in behalf of which he invokes the gracious aid and the rich blessings of the Lord."

ENGLISH MISSIONARY SOCIETIES. The total income of the Church Missionary Society, during the year which has just closed, was £116,827, (being an advance on the previous year of $14,369). The total income of the Wesleyan Missionary Society during the last year was £115,762, (being an advance of £2838), of which sum £4770 were derived from juvenile Christmas and new year's offerings, £11,788 were raised by foreign auxiliaries among the missions. The receipts of the London Missionary Society have amounted to £76,319.—The receipts of the Baptist Missionary Society were £28,223.

SABBATH IN LONDON. At a public meeting recently held in England, it was stated that, out of a population of more than two millions, there was an attendance of only four hundred thousand persons on the services of the Lord's day, in the churches and chapels of all denominations! "If inquiry was made as to the occupation of the rest, the crowded state of steam vessels, railway carriages, public houses, tea-gardens, club and gaming houses, would furnish a melancholy reply."

RELIGIOUS PRESS IN FRANCE. Rev. Philip Boucher, who visited this country in 1837, and preached in many of our churches, has started a new religious paper in Paris, on principles which, it is supposed, will enlist the confidence and patronage of all evangelical denominations.

AMERICAN BAPTISTS. According to their Almanac, just published, there are in the United States—

Regular Baptists churches	7,883
Ordained Ministers	6,571
Licensed Preachers	1,065
Communicants	655,536
Colleges	14
Theological Schools	8
Religious Newspapers	20
Other Periodicals	14

FLYING FROM PERSECUTION. Two hundred emigrants arrived in Baltimore, a few days since, said to be the vanguard of a colony of several thousand Hollanders, who are about to settle in Missouri. They are well clad, and fine looking people, and have an abundance of means to carry out their intention. They fly from religious persecution under the King of Hanover.

CHINESE. The three young Chinese, recently brought to this country by Rev. S. R. Brown, are now at Monson Academy, to be educated, with a view of returning to their native land.

The German Reformer, Mr. Ronge, is undergoing a month's imprisonment at Breslau, for preaching without permision of the authorities.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION of the Methodist Episcopal Church has under its care 320,630 scholars, of whom, says the Wesleyan Journal, 2,603 have been converted during the past year.

STATISTICS AND TRADE OF THE WEST.—The statistics given below have been taken from the "Memorial of the Citizens of St. Louis to the Congress of the United States, praying an appropriation for removing the obstructions to the navigation of the Western Rivers," &c., prepared in the year 1844. They will give some idea of the extent and value of the commerce of the Mississippi valley, and of the intimate connection of the prosperity of the West with our own.

The extent of steamboat navigation on the Mississippi and its tributary rivers, is about 15,000 miles.

The population of those states bordering on these rivers is not far from 8,000,000—or over one-third of the population of the United States.

Estimated trade of the valley of the Mississippi in the year 1842, 200,000,000 dollars.

Estimated number of boats engaged in navigating the rivers above named, in same year, 672.

Number of persons directly employed on these boats, 13,440.

Amount of tonnage belonging to St. Louis, 20,765 in the year 1843. Value, $1,324,500.

Amount of tonnage owned elsewhere, but engaged in whole or in part in the St. Louis trade, in the years 1842 and 1843, 26,498. This is Custom House measurement; actual tonnage is from 30 to 60 per cent. greater.

The number of arrivals in St. Louis in the year 1843, was 2057. Tonnage 315,467 tons.

Capital invested in the boats employed in the St. Louis Trade, $4,740,000

Exports from St. Louis in the year 1843:

Wheat. 1,307,000 bushels. This includes ground and unground, Flour being estimated at five bushels per barrel.

Tobacco. 19,730 hogsheads and 7,707 boxes manufactured. Estimated value of crop of 1842, $2,500,000.

Pork, Bacon and Lard. Estimated value for 1844, about $2,000,000.

Beef. Estimated value $1,000,000. Number of hides shipped from St. Louis, 120,000.

Hemp. Estimated crop, 17,000 tons—value, $2,000,000.

In 1841 there were sent from St. Louis 1500 horses, 2300 mules, and 6000 neat cattle. In this trade the increase since has been large. Other important items of trade are Corn, which is shipped in large quantities, Beeswax, Beans, Butter, Oats, Oil and Tallow. To these may be added Furs, Skins, Peltries, Buffalo Robes, &c., in which trade is employed a very heavy capital.

The annual value of the Lead and Copper trade is estimated at $2,000,000.

The imports exceed in value the exports. In the months of October, November and December, 1843, the Harbor Master's returns show the following receipts for St. Louis: Boots and Shoes, 351 packages; Dry Goods, 26,983 do; Queensware, 346 do; Coffee, 4,823 sacks; Salt, Ground Alum, 35,638 do; Salt, Liverpool blown, 2,096 do; Castings, 182 tons; Iron, in bars, 371 do; Iron in pigs, 245 do; Nails, 6775 kegs; Powder, 1174 do; Sugar, 513 hogsheads, 442 barrels; Salt, Kanawha, 13,923 do; Tea, 349 chests and 470 half chests. The chief supplies for St. Louis, are brought from February to the middle of September. Estimating the dry goods at $100 per package, and the aggregate of the three months is $2,698,300.

Amount insured in the St. Louis Offices for 6 years preceding 1843, $73,473,117.

It will be recollected that these statistics are for the year 1843. The increase of the St. Louis trade since that period, cannot be less than 50 per cent., as the population has increased in the last two years from 35,000 to 47,000 inhabitants. [Atlas.

REVIEW OF THE PRICES OF BREADSTUFFS IN EUROPE FOR THIRTY YEARS PAST. Hon. Charles Hudson, of this State, in a speech at the last session of Congress, condensed the following review of the prices of bread-stuffs in Europe for the last thirty years:

But our purpose is, at present, more particularly to show from Tooke's history of prices, the state of the crops, and the grain market of England for the last thirty years, the prices stated being in shillings sterling, per quarter of eight bushels each, or 480 lbs.

In 1816: There was a lamentably deficient harvest, and wheat rose from 55.6 per quarter in February, to 74.11 in June, 82.1 in August, 90.10 in October, 103.7 in December.

In 1817: There was almost a famine in France, and large purchases were made in England, late in the spring, for the French government. The price was 104 in January, and rose to 112.8 in June; but from the fine weather both in France and England after that time, it fell in July to 102.6, in August to 86.5, and in September to 78.8.

In 1818: The price was 84.10 in January, 89.8 in April and 86.6 in July; 81.3 in August, and 80.8 in December.

In 1819: The average price was, in January, 79.3, in June, 68.10, in December, 66.3.

In 1820: It had risen in August to 72.5; but in December it fell to 54.6.

In 1822: Early in the season the price of wheat was about 50; but in December the average price was 38,11.

In January, 1823, the average price was 40.4; and rose in June to 62.5; and fell again in October to 46.6; in December it rose again to 50.8.

In March 1824, it was 65.6 but t declined to 65.4 in December.

In May, 1825, it was 68.9; in September, 66.7, in December, 63.

In January, 1826, it was 60.3; and fell in March to 55.7; and closed in December at 55.8.

In 1827, it was in January, 53.5; in July, 59.6; in August, 57.11; in September, 55; in December, 50.2.

In 1828, it was in May, 55.3; in June, 54.9; in July, 54; in November, 73, in December, 71.8.

In 1829, much of the crop being of bad quality, sold for 50; best quality brought an average of 72.6.

In 1830, in January, it was 54.4; in April, 63.11; in August, 70.5; in October, 60.10; in December, 64.11.

In 1831, in February wheat sold for 71.10; in August it was 61.11; in December, 58.3.

In 1832 it was 61.5 in July; in December, 52.6.

In 1833 it was 51.1 in January; and 51.6 in June; in August, 53.5; in December, 47.10.

In 1834 it continued to fall from 45 in the early months throughout the year, till, in December, it sold for 39.6.

In 1835, wheat sold in April for 37.10; in July, 41; but it fell again in December to 35.4; being but little more than one fourth of what it brought at the close of the last century.

In 1836, in January, the price was 36; in June, 48.11; in October, 46.4; in December, 57.9—an advance of seventy per cent. upon the price of December, 1835.

In 1837, it fell again, till in May it was 52.10; in June, 54.9; in August, 57.5; in September, 54.11; in December, 51.3.

In 1838, in January, 53.5; in February, 55.5; in March, 56.6; in August, 73.8; in September it fell to 64.9; but it rose again till, towards the last of December, it was 78.4.

In 1839, in January, it reached 81.6; in April it fell to 70.1; in July and August it was 71.8; in December, 66.11.

We have Tooke's prices no later than this year, and therefore have only the price, on the 1st of November, to 1843, as given in Parliament by Lord John Russell, as follows: In 1840, November 1st, 63; in 1841, November 1st, 63.2; in 1842, November 1st, 50.

In 1843 the price in February was 51; in June, 49; in August, 62; in December, 51.8.

In June, 1844, it was 55.8; in August, 40.1.

In 1845, in June, 47.10; in August, 57; in December, 58.6.

In January, 1846, it was 56.3; in March, 54.10; in August, 47.5; in October, 58.10; in November, 62.3; in December, 60.3.

In 1847, up to the present time, January 2d, 64.4; January 20th, 73.3; February 6th, 73.10; February 13th, 71.10; February 27th, 74.6; March 20th, 75.10; March 27th, 77; April 10th, 74.

SCHOOL AND TEACHERS' AGENCY AT BOSTON.

Mr. Whitcomb of this city has established an agency for the purpose of supplying teachers to the West. From what we can learn of his plan, we are led to believe that it may be a most useful one both for teachers here in want of employment and for the good people of the West. We shall next week take pleasure in copying testimonials from Western sources.

☞ THE MIDDLESEX NORTH ASSOCIATION will hold their next meeting at Rev Mr Niles's in Isowell, on Wednesday, July 7th, at 10 o'clock, A. M. JOS. C. SMITH, Scribe.
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MARRIAGES.

In this city, 15th inst, by Rev Dr Sharp, Mr P. A. Ramsey to Miss Lydia. daughter of J. Hallett, Esq., all of Boston.

On Sunday evening, at the Rowe street Church, by Rev Mr Hague, Mr Isaac Lakin to Mrs Mary Jane Pearce, both of this city.

In East Boston, 17th inst, by Rev L. J. Livermore, Mr John Tuttle to Miss Olive B. Dustan, both of Boston.

In Charlestown, by Rev T. S. King, Mr James Whitton to Miss Sarah Bryant, all of C.

In Needham, 17th inst, by Rev C. H. A. Dall, Mr Francis Jones to Miss Mary E. Whitney, all of N.

In Attleboro', 23d inst, Gen Joshua Buttrick of Concord, to Miss Angeline Fuller of A.

In Greenfield, 17th inst, Frederick G. Tuckerman, Esq. of Boston, to Miss Hannah L. B., daughter of General Jones of G.

In Providence, Capt Jonathan Bowers of New Bedford, to Miss Mary B. Bowers, daughter of the late Wm Bowers, Esq. of P.

In South Kingston, R. I., by Friends' ceremony, Asa Shearman, of Fall River, to Lois Perry, daughter of Wm S. Perry.

In South Kingston, R. I., Isaac P. Rodman to Sally Arnold, daughter of Hon L. H. Arnold, all of K.

In Woonsocket, R. I., 14th inst, by Rev John Boyden, Jr., I. Lincoln Bangs, Esq. formerly of this city, to Mrs Emma A. Gates of W.

In Newport, Mr Clarke H. Burdick to Miss Mary, daughter of Mr Pitts Southwick.

In New York, by Rev Edward Lathrop, Capt Daniel F. Packer to Miss Margaret R. Norcross.

In Orwigsburg, Schuylkill co. Pa, 14th inst, by Rev John W. Hoffmeier, Charlemagne Tower of Waterville, Oneida co. N. Y., to Amelia Malvina Bartle, daughter of the late Lambert Bartle of Orwigsburg.

In Washington, D. C., 15th inst, Dr John L. Fox, U. S. Navy, to Elizabeth A., daughter of Com. Chas. Morris.

In St. John, N. B., 1st inst, by Rev Robert Irvine, Mr James Manks of Boston, to Miss Rebecca Wade of St. J.

DEATHS.

In this city, on Monday, 14th inst, Robert, aged 2 years, only son of Rev R. C. Waterston.

17th inst, Mr Charles A. Hale, formerly of Wells River, Vt., 22.

19th inst, Mr Edward White, for many years a clerk in the Boston Post Office.

15th inst, Mrs Catharine Callender, 71, widow of the late John Callender, Esq.

18th, very suddenly, Mrs Ann R., wife of Frederick Perkins, and daughter of the late Samuel B. Spear of Townsend, 32.

21st inst., Joel E. Shaw, 20 1-2.

In Roxbury, William J., infant son of William J. and Martha P. Reynolds

In Brookline, 17th inst, at the residence of her son-in-law, (David Wilder, Jr) Mrs Lovina Green, wife of Col P. H. Green, formerly of Bath, Me, 57.

In Methuen, 20th inst, Mrs Eunice S. Tufts, wife of Charles Tufts, and daughter of Mr Peleg Churchill, 31.

In Haverhill, 16th inst, Anna Isabelle, daughter of James S. and Anna Chase Loring, of this city, 10 mos.

In Dartmouth, 18th inst, after a short illness, Freelove Gifford, relict of the late William Gifford, 88.

In Wendell, Mr Joshua Green, 83, a graduate of Harvard University in the class of 1784.

In New Bedford, 15th inst, Capt Stephen Merrihew, for many years Secretary of the Merchants' Insurance Co. of N. B.

In Killingly, Ct., Mr Samuel White, 90, a soldier of the revolution.

In Brooklyn, N. Y., 16th inst, Professor Francis Fauvel Gourand, 39.

In Bloomfield, Me, Mr Tilly Mason, a revolutionary pensioner, 87.

In Castine, Me., Mr John H. Witherell, formerly of Boston, 58.

In Charleston, S. C., 12th inst, Mrs Elizabeth Otis, wife of Mr Francis Boott, of Boston, 30.

In Houma, La, March 19, Mr Daniel W. Deane, 44, formerly of Fairhaven, Mass.

In New Orleans, 6th inst, Mr Charles H. Pitts, 22, son of the late Wm Pitts, Esq. of this city.

On Thursday, July 1st, will be Published

THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER AND RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY, No. CXLII, for July, 1847.

CONTENTS.

Art. I.—John Wesley.
II.—On the Neglect of the Lord's Supper.
III.—Mr. Furness's Dudleian Lecture—Nature and Revelation Harmonized.
IV.—Dr. Payson and his Writings.
V.—Religious Aspect of the Times.
VI.—Martin Luther.
VII.—The American Loyalists.
VIII.—Notices of Recent Publications.
IX.—Intelligence.

This being the first number of a new volume a good opportunity is offered for new subscribers to commence A few sets from the beginning of the new series can be supplied. CROSBY & NICHOLS,
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POETRY.

[From "Thoughts in Past Years."]

SICKNESS.

Blest sickness, with thy silent chain,
And intervals of pain,
Sitting in thy still corridor,
We seem to Heaven's calm shore
Brought near; and your sweet thoughts of peace
Seem gales from lands where sorrows cease
And Hope hath naught to crave.

And pains that shake this shed of clay—
Stern searchers of decay!
Full welcome are the thoughts ye bring
To seek a sheltering wing,
Until be past life's tyranny;
And of a frame from suffering free,
Whose cradle is the grave.

And deep heart-crossings, sternly kind,
Like leaves on Autumn's wind
My hopes have gone to make their bed,
By your keen breathing shed,
I watch them die, and not unblest,
Turn to the winter of my rest,
Beside Death's silent cave.

Then what if I no love can own
To mark my going down,
If I may sit by sun of light,
Bidding the world good night;
And while calm thoughts my soul engage,
Look from my evening hermitage,
Upon the stormy wave—

Like the pale star of evening mild;
What if nor friend nor child
To watch my bed? less intervene
To hide that Friend unseen,
'Neath whose enfolding wing at last
The shadowy valley must be past,
In pity strong to save.

Most favored they beneath the Heaven
To whom Christ's pledge is given—
"Blest are the mourners; whom I love
With sorrow I reprove."
High heritage to share the pain
With Thee, with Thee the blessing gain
Steeled the rude world to brave!

Teach me to know no worldly choice,
Save in Thee to rejoice
And in thy beams on others shewn;
They so become my own,
Till joying in Thy love's sweet shower
I make their gladness mine own dower,
In all thy goodness gave.

So evil shall to me be good
And my heart's solitude
Best company; my music sweet
Shall be the winds that beat
My crazy hut, and the rude storm,
The robe that wraps my Savior's form
Walking upon the wave.

[From the Journal of Commerce.]

WORDS.

Oh that within this world of ours
We each to each more love might bear,
And better nourish life's sweet flowers
Which God has scattered every where;
Man reedeth not the heart of man,
The purer thoughts that in it be,
For good is ever under ban
Of Evil, which is always free.

Oh would we turn an eye within,
Oh would we lift our thoughts above,
We should possess far less of sin,
And wider circle for our love;
We should not then despise the weak,
Nor love and live for self alone,—
And slower be a wrong to wreak,
And swifter for it to atone!

We are too careless in our speech,
Forget what power unto it clings,
And that a single word can search
The heart, and move its deepest springs;
What power is used for good or ill,
To curse our fellow or to bless,
To make his virtues stronger still,
Or deepen his unrighteousness.

The broad sun ne'er looks on a day,
The bright stars never on a night,
In which some word we may not say
To spread the gloom or speed the light.
And yet, oh mournful truth to know,
How few the words of cheering said;—
What other words some hearts would show,
Could we but read as they are read!

So long as we on earth shall live,
We shall have need of hopeful speech;
There will be cause for us to give,—
Some sorrowing heart that we can reach:
Oh! there are pangs we all must feel,
There are some struggles in each life;
A word, the wound may after heal,
Or lift the darkness from the strife!

As drops the leaf before the wind,
As droop the flowers at touch of frost,
So beauty in a human mind
May by a word of ours be lost;
The stalk is stronger than the rose,
The tree will live when leaves are gone,
And hearts still beat, though time bot shows
Life's sternest winter coming on!

A. D. F. R.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HORRORS OF WAR.

We find the following touching story in the Pittsburg Commercial Journal:—

It was a few days after the news of Buena Vista—the very day that the mail brought the official list of the killed and wounded—we were of old familiar. McKee we remember well—he was in the Third when we knew him. But he married, left the service, engaged in business, and at the opening of war resumed the epaulettes as Colonel of a Kentucky Volunteer Regiment. Brave fellow!—none braver fell on that bloody field.

We were sorrowfully enough engaged in these thoughts, when a young woman entered the office. When we say young, we mean under thirty. She had a small girl by the hand—a beautiful little creature, about three years old. Both mother and child, for such no one could doubt to be their relationship, who observed their features, were dressed with extreme neatness, though all the little elegancies of decoration were bestowed upon the child.

We just looked over the top of the paper, to note those particulars, when, having been directed to us by the clerk, she came forward to our desk.

We handed her a chair, and while we endeavored as well as we could to soothe her very apparent agitation, we were somewhat at a loss to account for its existence.

After a few minutes conversation, we discovered the reason in the fact that she was a relative of a soldier in Captain——'s company of artillery. This corps had been engaged, and, we remembered, had suffered very severely She had been informed that the list of the killed and wounded had arrived, and she had called to hear some intelligence of his fate.

She wished us to read over the names.

We again took up the paper, and proceeded to comply with her request. We shall never forget the expression of that woman's features, as we read. Her agony was terrible. She was not unhandsome, but her face became ghastly pale, and her eyes looked unutterable despair, as she fixed them upon the child, who was playing with a newspaper and laughing joyously in its heedless innocence. Her lips were colorless, the perspiration started on her forehead, and as she lifted her hand to wipe the large drops away, we could see it trembling as though palsied.

The presentiment of evil had already almost broken her heart, we knew the relative must be a *very* near one.

She had avoided giving us her name; so soon as we found the list, appallingly long, which comprised the casualities of the designated corps, we began to read. We did not know when we should reach the fatal name, if at all, and at each individual we looked enquiringly in the woman's face. She said nothing, however, for some time, and we began to hope the name was not down, when we read,

"John——, Sergeant, KILLED."

Such a scream! It was the wail of a broken heart. Only one—and then still as death. That cry was ringing in our ears for a month. We immediately ran towards her, but she arose from her chair, mentioned us her thanks, and without a word left the office.

We had read to her the annoucement of her husband's death.

We did not do much service in the office that day.

The next morning happening down on the wharf, we saw the woman and her little girl, going on board the Cincinnati packet. She recognized us, and we spoke to her. She was crushed completely. She had grown twenty years older, in as many hours. She informed us that she had resided with her husband in New York. That she was originally from the West, and on his corps being ordered to Mexico, she determined to repair to her friends, and await the conclusion of the war. She had heard of the battle, and knew that Captain——'s battery was engaged, and on her arrival in Pittsburg, had been directed to the Journal office for further information. She arrived the very morning after the receipt of the list of killed and wounded.

We bade her good bye. She continued her route to her girlhood's home, now desolate, as was all the world, to her, and we to our daily business, a sadder man, indeed.

The little incident recorded above, was recalled to our minds on Saturday, by reading in a Western paper, the notice of the death of "Mrs. Sarah——, widow of John——, a soldier, killed in the battle of Buena Vista."

It was our acquaintance—there could be no mistake.

She had grieved herself to death for her husband.

We have often been called upon, on business of a similar nature, by the wives of officers and soldiers, but none of them ever left so strong yet so painful an impression as the wife of the artilleryman killed at Buena Vista.

TRUST IN DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

Wisely did our Lord telll his disciples to go to the cornfields for moral and religious lessons. Here reason and virtue are always seen in full progress, walking hand in hand. The scene may refresh piety and recruit faith. A truly religious mind, dissatisfied with its imperfect knowledge, baffled in its researches and bewildered in its conjectures, may turn to nature for sensible evidence, and in the contemplation gather calm assurance. A man of great learning tells us, that, rising up, ill at rest, from the study of the acutest book that was ever framed on the metaphysical argument for the Divine Perfections, he betook himself to the study of a nettle in his garden for proofs of the present Deity, working all things after the counsels of his own will.

There is, in fact, a beautiful moral inscribed on the face of the earth. The historian of the creation scarcely wanders from plain fact when he represents the Creator and the creature, God and man, in covenant. Let man be true to the primeval law, and he will find it is not forgotten in heaven. How beautifully does the Poet of the Seasons recognize the covenant, when, after having described the husbandman's spring-labor, he thus apostrophizes the Supreme Power, the source of increase and abundance:—

Be gracious, Heaven! for now laborious Man
Has done his part. Ye fostering breezes blow!
Ye softening dews, ye tender showers, descend!
And temper all, thou world-reviving Sun!
Into the perfect year.

The sentiment of these lines is the same suggested by the apostle's words in our text, and that constitutes our present subject,— *Let Man do his Duty and leave Events to Divine Providence*,—not doubting, it may be added, of a good result.

Is it objected at the outset, that experience shows that Divine Providence is sometimes adverse, meeting men in the way with disappointment and crosses, and sowing the salt of barrenness over all their labors? Let us, then, recur to Nature, as the store-house of piety. The earth's seasons are not all and equally propitious; there are partial failures; the harvest, the crown of the years, is sometimes blighted. Does the husbandman hence despair, and sit down sullenly to devour the seed of the future years? No. His natural piety,—a piety which never takes the shape of a creed, though it is, whether known or unknown to the possessor, the strongest of all faith,—his natural piety rebukes despondency, and impels him to renewed labor, under the persuasion, that generally and ultimately, wise and persevering industry will be rewarded with plenty. The analogy holds in all virtuous labor. Occasional disappointment is consistent with general success; nay, is sometimes the instrument of success, though in kind or degree different from what was contemplated. —While, outwardly, all seems adverse, the work of moral and spiritual good may inwardly be going on well. But, I allow, the good may not be obtained or seen in this world. The triumph of Divine Providence is reserved for the world to come. [Aspland.

AN AUCTION.

While travelling at the South, a short time since, one day, as I was passing through a noted city, my attention was arrested by a concourse of people upon the public square.

Soon I saw two men coming through the crowd attended by a female. They entered the ring around the stand. The sequel showed them to be an auctioneer, the unfortunate merchant and the more unfortunate young lady, for slave she could not be. The auctioneer stepped upon the stand and ordered her to follow. She dropped her head upon her heaving bosom, but she moved not. Neither did she weep—her emotions were too deep for tears. The merchant stood near me. I attentively watched his countenance. 'Twas that of a father for the loss of an only daughter. Daughter he had not; but I understand that he had intended to adopt her, who, instead of being now free, was doomed to perpetual slavery. He appeared to have a humane heart. With tears in his eyes he said, "Helen, you must obey—I can protect you no longer." I could bear no more—my heart struggled to free itself from the human form. I turned my eyes upwaid—the flag lay listlessly by the pole, for not a breeze had leave to stir. I thought I could almost see the spirits of the liberty martyrs, whose blood had once stained that soil, and hear them sigh over the now desecrated spot.

I turned to look for the doomed. She stood upon the auction stand. In stature she was of the middle size; slim and delicately built. Her skin was lighter than many a northern *brunette*, and her features were round, with thin lips. Indeed, many thought no black blood coursed in her veins. Now despair sat on her countenance. O! I shall never forget that look. "Good heavens!" ejaculated one of the two fathers, as he beheld the features of Helen, "is that beautiful lady to be sold?"

Then fell upon my ear the auctioneer's cry, "How much is said for this beautiful healthy slave girl—a real albino—a fancy girl for any gentleman? (!) How much? How much? Who bids?" "Five hundred dollars," "eight hundred," "one thousand," were soon bid by different purchasers. The last was made by the friends of the merchant, as they wished to assist him to retain her. At first no one seemed disposed to raise the bid. The crier then read from a paper in his hand, "She is intelligent, well-informed, easy to communicate, a first rate instructress." "Who raises the bid?" This had the desired effect. "Twelve hundred"—"fourteen"—"sixteen," quickly followed. He read again—"She is a devoted christian, sustains the best of morals, and is perfectly trusty." This raised the bids to two thousand dollars, at which she was struck off to the gentleman in favor of whom was the prosecution. Here closed one of the darkest scenes in the book of time.

This was a southern auction—an auction at which the bones, muscles, sinews, blood and nerves of a young lady of nineteen, sold for one thousand dollars; her improved intellect for six hundred more; and her christianity—the person of Christ in his follower, four hundred more.

[Liberty Press.

MEDITATIONS ON THE "OLD DUKE."

We wandered down Grosvenor-place, where we passed "the duke," with a lady on his arm. Age seemed to have improved him; we never saw him look half so well. He was sprucely and handsomely attired in a blue frock-coat, white trousers, white tie, and a glossy hat; and save that his step had become a little more feeble, he did not look the worse for wear. We passed him by, and, gaining a good crossing over which we knew his way would lie, stopped to have a good look. Aye! there he was, the glorious duke—that grey-haired, fresh-colored, plain-looking shaky old gentleman. Can that be he upon whose breath hung the issues of life and death for thousands? Was it that broken voice, whose accents we could scarcely catch, that thundered in the earthquake tones of victory the memorable "Up, guards, and at them?"—Was it he who overthrew, one after another, the picked marshals of Napoleon, and, at last, the great chief himself! We wonder, does he ever muse alone, and at night, of the scenes through which he has passed? Do the dead ever come back to him in dreams! Does he ever think of the thousands of brave and chivalrous, and high spirited men who have fallen at his very side! Does he think of the slaughtered thousands of Bajados, of the summits of Barossa, or of the fiery struggle of Waterloo! Has the flush of pride, which he used to feel in the hour of victory, faded as much from his soul as the eagle glance has vanished from his eye! Are the scenes through which he has borne himself so gloriously, mellowed by the hand of time, still painted on the eye of memory! Or are all those brave spirits forgotten in the misty haze of the past, in the chaos of battles and sieges, of which it may be, he does not now remember even the very names! Each succeeding anniversary of Waterloo finds that band of veterans who fought beside him grown thinner. "They will soon be blotted from the things that be;" and the man of iron frame—he who led them on to victory—survives still. He has had his fill of all the honors this world could bestow—unbounded wealth, unrivalled glory, titles, fame, riches—all the blessings with which the poet's fancy could adorn old age—"Honor, love, obedience, troops of friends" are his. But we would give a trifle to know if he feels any satisfaction now at the possession of them all, or if the knowledge taught by the experience of the wise man of old has come to him at last—that "all is vanity and vexation of spirit." [Dublin University Magazine.

SCOLDING.

A great deal of injury is done to children by their parents scolding. Many children have been nearly or quite ruined by it, and often driven from home, to become vagabonds and wanderers, by scolding. It sours your temper provided it is sweet, which is a question: if you scold, the more you will have to scold, and because you have become crosser, and your children likewise. Depend upon it they cannot love you as well after you have berated them, as they did before. You may approach them with firmness and decision, you may punish them with severity adequate to the nature of their offences, and they will feel the justice of your conduct and love you notwithstanding all. But they hate scolding. It stirs up bad blood, while it discloses your weakness and lowers you in their estimation. Especially at night, when they are about to retire, their hearts should be melted and moulded with voices of kindness, that they may go to their slumbers with thoughts of love stealing around their souls, and whispering peace.

[N. Y. Evangelist.

A foolish servant girl, in Boston, being about to leave her place and get married, forgot her honesty, and stole a large number of articles which she was likely to want on starting in life. She was detected, and it turned out that most of the outfit had actually been purchased by her kind mistress as a present for the girl when she should leave her house for her new home.

Behold in the above a fair picture of the want of faith, and trust in well-doing. If this girl had trusted in the word, that the reward is sure to those that hold out faithful to the end, she would have received these things from her kind mistress, and with the things, a good character. And her happiness could have only been imagined by the faithful,—but she trusted in self, and her peace has fled, and joy she has not. [Morning Star.

LETTER FROM GENEVA.

A correspondent of the Salem Gazette writes the following from Geneva, under date of May 14, having travelled through France from the city of Paris.

"I left Paris with Mons. Amiguet, who is a commis-voyageur or travelling-bagman,—in his cabriolet, which is nearly the same thing as our chaise, but heavier. From Paris we went to Melun, nothing remarkable happening upon the way. The roads in France are of three kinds, Routes Royales, departementales, and des Communes; we travelled on the grand road, which is paved for 30 leagues, as far as Lens—it is tedious, painful and tiresome to the last degree. The jolting, trembling, and continual vibration of the vehicle, put all power of perception at a discount.

The fields of France are not fenced in as ours, that would cost too much, for being divided from father to son, they arrive at the smallest decimals of division in a very short time. They are ditched from the road, and divided from each other by planted boundary stones; around Paris, and for a long distance, the trees planted by the roadside are numbered, and occupy their place in the tables and legers of the Ministre d'Agriculture, as important as that of their planters. One thing which struck me was the exceeding neatness of the roads,—this was accounted for by the multitude of old women, children, jackasses, and dogcarts prowling around, the proprietors of which with hands alone amassed and carried off all the offal and manure accumulating upon the road. So that, after all, instead of being a symptom of prosperity and neatness, it is a sign of all that is the reverse.

The filthiness, poverty, and misery of the small French towns is beyond all conception or finding out. Their ignorance may be placed in the same category; beyond two pounds of bread and a little pottage, neither their hopes, their expectations, or realizations soar, and they are oftener limited upon the hither side of those bournes. At Lens I saw two old women fighting lustily for nigh half an hour for a morsel of manure, which was at last terminated by the sharing of the booty. By the way, it is astounding to view the disproportion between the number of old women and old men, which may in part doubtless be traced to the fatality of Napoleon's campaigns. It is a great pity that he did not form some battalions of women. I never saw any thing equal to the ferocity of these. In their hideous features, their dirty rags, and their resounding wooden shoes, they monopolize the markets both as buyers and sellers, and the concussion is tremendous; their oaths, gestures, and distorted features are enough to make the boldest tremble. I would fear as much to be shut up in a room with one unarmed and I with only a six-barrelled pistol, as if I were a rat by the side of the celebrated terrier-dog Billy. It is easily imagined what were those fearful processions from Paris to Versailles, when the women bore upon pikes the dissevered heads of the Swiss guard, crying for blood and for bread. But they are the majority in France, and we must be respectful, if from fear alone. At Melun, a very inconsiderable town, we spent the night. Here I saw some German harp-players, who told me they were going to the United States; indeed, this has been the song throughout the whole route. At Vermandois, where we spent the night, when they found I was an American, a considerable crowd of rustics gathered around the oracle, and told me that if another year as bad should arrive they had no fear but there would be a general revolution, then, said they, we will stay and see what the old aristocracy will do, we shall have money enough then, but if not, we shall go to the United States.

There is a general discontent throughout France, some rest content with the idea of going to Paris, others to America, but none are contented where they are. The present season is very backward,—30 days in comparison with the last; if the state of things continue, there can be little doubt of a great general movement throughout France in the present year. Bread of the first quality is at 6 or 4 1-2 cts. the lb., of the second, rye, &c., 4 1-2 to 5, and if a man has a family of 3 or 4 children, and gains but 30 cts. a day, the bread consumes nearly the whole. I speak of Paris now. In Suisse 16 cts. is the wages, and 20 cts. in the provinces. Another thing which strikes one in France, as exemplifying the cheapness of human labor, is the sight of a cow led out by a woman and her child to feed by the roadside, and watched by her the whole day long; I have seen one sheep so accompanied by a young girl,—even the children of 3 years of age are tackled into some kind of dog-cart and led out to work. But their ignorance is most frightful. For the most part they are not aware of the existence of a village only 5 miles from their rooted homestead.

STORIES FOR CHILDREN.

HOW A ROGUE FEELS WHEN HE IS CAUGHT.

Theodore Thinker tells us, that he does not know of any thing calculated to make a boy feel more foolish, than to be detected in a mischievous action. He says—suppose we let him tell his own story—"When I was a little boy, as near as I can recollect, about 9 years of age, I went with my brother one bright Saturday afternoon, when there was no school, to visit at the house of Captain Perry. The Captain was esteemed one of the kindest and best natured neighbors in Willow Lane, where my father lived; and Julian, the Captain's eldest son, very near my own age, was among all the boys at school, my favorite playfellow. Captain Perry had two bee-hives in his garden, where we were all three at play; and as I watched the busy little fellows at work bringing in honey from the fields, all at once I thought it would be a very fine thing to thrust a stick into the hole which I saw in one of the hives, and bring out some of the honey. My brother and Julian did not quite agree with me in this matter. They thought, as nearly as I can recollect, that there was three good reasons against this mode of obtaining honey: first, I should be likely to get pretty badly stung; secondly, the act would be a very mean and cowardly piece of mischief: and thirdly, I should be found out.

"Still I was bent on the chivalrous undertaking. I procured a stick of the right size, and marched up to the hive to make the attack.—While I was deliberating, with the stick already a little in the hole, whether I had better thrust it in suddenly, and then scamper away as fast as my legs could carry me, or proceed so deliberately that the bees would not suspect what was the matter, Captain Perry happened to come into the garden; and I was so busy with my mischief, that I did not notice him until he advanced within a rod or two of the bee-hives. He mistrusted what I was about. 'Theodore,' said he. I looked around. I am sure I would have given all I was worth in the world, not excepting my little pony, which I regarded as a fortune, if, by some magic or other, I could have got out of this scrape. But it was too late. I hung my head down, as may be imagined, while the Captain went on with his speech—'Theodore, if I were in your place,—(I heartily wished he was in my place, but I did not say so: I said nothing in fact,) if I were in your place, I would not disturb those poor, harmless bees, in that way. If you should put that stick into the hive, as you were thinking of doing, it would take the bees a whole week to mend up their cells. That is not the way we get honey. I don't wonder you are fond of honey, though, children generally are fond of it; and if you will go into the house, Mrs. Perry will give you as much as you wish, I am sure.'

"This was twenty years ago, perhaps more. I have met Captain Perry a hundred times since. Indeed I shook his hand last summer—for he is still living, the same warm-hearted, hard-working farmer; yet even now I cannot look upon his frank, honest countenance, but I distinctly call to mind the Quixotic adventure with the bees, and I feel almost ashamed as I did when I was detected." [Youths' Cabinet.

THE LAST KISS.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

"I was but five years old when my mother died; but her image is as fresh in my mind, now that twenty years have elapsed, as it was at the time of her death. I remember her a gentle being, with a sweet smile, and a voice soft and cheerful when she praised me, and when I had erred—for I was a wild, thoughtless child—there was a trembling mildness about it that always went to my little heart. Methinks I can now see her large blue eyes misty with sorrow, because of my childish waywardness, and hear her repeat, "My child, how can you grieve me so?"

She had for a long time been pale and feeble, and sometimes there would come a brigh spot on her cheek, which made her look so lovely. I thought she must be well. But then she spoke of dying, and pressed me to her bosom, and told me to be good when she was gone, and to love my father a great deal, for he would have no one else to love.

I recollect she was ill all the day, and my little hobby horse and whip were laid aside, and I tried to be very quiet. I did not see her for the whole day, and it seemed very long.—At night they told me my mother was too sick to kiss me, as she always used to do, before I went to bed, and I must go without it. But I could not. I stole into the room, and laying my lips close to her's, whispered,—

"Mother, dear mother, won't you kiss me!" Her lips were very cold, and when she put her hand upon my cheek, and laid my head in her bosom, I felt a cold shuddering pass all through me.

My father carried me from the room; but he could not speak. After they put me in bed, I lay a long while, thinking; I feared my mother would die, for her cheek felt as cold as my little sister's did when she died, and they carried her sweet little body away where I never saw it again. But I soon fell asleep, as children will.

In the morning I rushed into my mother's room, with a strange dread of evil to come upon me. It was just as I feared. There was the white linen, over the straight cold bed. I tore it aside.

There was the hard cheek, the closed eye, the stony brow. But thank God, my mother's dear smile was there also, or my heart would have broken.

In an instant, all the little faults for which she had so often reproved me, rushed upon my mind. I longed to tell her how good I would always be, if she would but stay with me.

I longed to tell, how, in all time to come, her words would be a law to me. I would be all that she had prayed me to be.

"I was a passionate, headstrong boy; but I seemed to see her mild, tearful eyes fall upon me, just as she used to look in life, and when I strove for the mastery, I felt her smile sink into my very heart, and I was happy.

My whole character underwent a change, even from the moment of her death. Her spirit was forever with me, to aid the good, and to root out the evil, that was in me. I felt it would grieve her gentle spirit to see me err, and I could not do so. I was the child of her affection; I knew she had prayed and wept over me, and that even on the threshold of her grave, her anxiety for my fate had caused her spirit to linger, that she might pray once more for me.

I never forgot my mother's last kiss. It was with me in sorrow; it was with me in joy; it was with me in moments of evil like a perpetual good."

The above is a part of the letter of an old man, who has his children and his grand children about him, and who is a cheerful man, with his gray hairs, full of reverence.

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